"DICK PENFIELD'S ARABIAN NIGHTS." A WONDERFUL STORY, NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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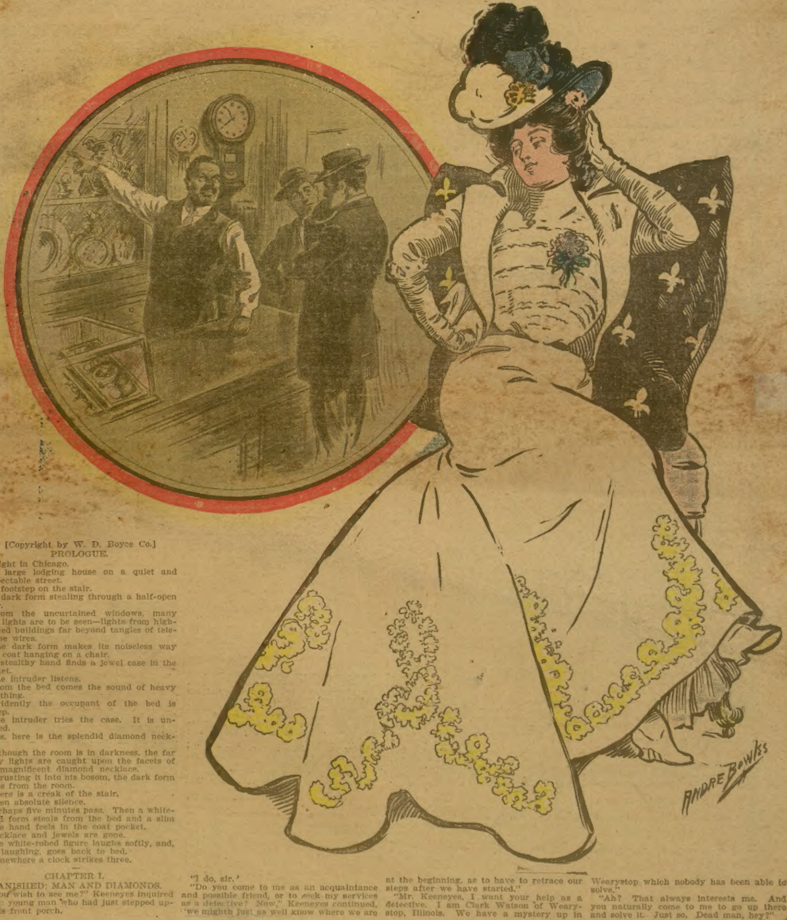
# KEENEYES AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE;

***A DOUBLE MYSTERY. - - By J. Breckenridge Ellis.***



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## PROLOGUE.

Night in Chicago.

A large lodging house on a quiet and respectable street.

A footstep on the stair.

A dark form stealing through a half-open door.

From the uncurtained windows, many city lights are to be seen—lights from high-storied buildings far beyond tangles of telephone wires.

The dark form makes its noiseless way to a coat hanging on a chair.

A stealthy hand finds a jewel case in the pocket.

The intruder listens.

From the bed comes the sound of heavy breathing.

Evidently the occupant of the bed is asleep.

The intruder tries the case. It is unlocked.

Yes, here is the splendid diamond necklace.

Although the room is in darkness, the far away lights are caught upon the facets of the magnificent diamond necklace.

Thrusting it into his bosom, the dark form steals from the room.

There is a creak of the stair.

Then absolute silence.

Perhaps five minutes pass. Then a white-robed form steals from the bed and a slim white hand feels in the coat pocket.

Necklace and jewels are gone.

The white-robed figure laughs softly, and, still laughing, goes back to bed.

Somewhere a clock strikes three.

—

## CHAPTER I.

## VANISHED: MAN AND DIAMONDS.

"You wish to see me?" Keeneyes inquired the young man who had just stepped upon his front porch.

'I do, sir.'

"Do you come to me as an acquaintance and possible friend, or to seek my services as a detective? Now," Keeneyes continued, "we mighth just as well know where we are at the beginning, as to have to retrace our steps after we have started."

"Mr. Keeneyes, I want your help as a detective. I am Clark Watson of Wearystop, Illinois. We have a mystery up in Wearystop which nobody has been able to solve."

"Ah? That always interests me. And you naturally come to me to go up there and solve it. Just so. Dead man, hey?"

"No, it is only——"

"Perhaps a severed arm or leg? a dead hand?"

"Nothing of that sort," replied the handsome young stranger.

"Come, come," said Keeneyes a trifle drily, "you will surely grant me a few drops of blood at least?"

"It is not a case of bloodshed, but of robbery."

"Tut! I do not lend my services in petty cases. Get a regular detective for that sort of work."

"But, Mr. Detective, this is no petty case. In fact it is extraordinary."

"Come, then, to the point; what has been stolen?"

"A magnificent diamond necklace, set with gems of great size,—the only necklace of the sort in that part of the country; indeed, it is said to be the most valuable piece of jewelry in Illinois."

Keeneyes remarked, "Chicago is in Illinois."

"Not even excepting Chicago."

"Is it not strange," said Keeneyes, "that so costly a necklace should be in a little town like Wearystop?"

"Wearystop was named before the second railroad came," remarked Clark Watson. "We have about 10,000 inhabitants. These diamonds were owned by Mrs. Larrymore, whose husband, a lawyer, is one of the two richest men in the city."

"And they were stolen. You call that extraordinary," remarked Keeneyes. "It seems very natural to me. If a man must rob, why not go after diamonds? I should."

"But, Mr. Keeneyes, many think they were taken by a young man who is no thief. They suspect a young farmer named Jansen Moore."

"What has Jansen Moore to say for himself?"

"He isn't there to explain matters."

"He isn't there to explain matters. Where is he?"

"Well," said Clark Watson with hesitation, "nobody knows."

"Indeed? And when did this young man disappear?"

"About a week ago."

"Hum! and when did the jewelry vanish?"

"About—well, about a week ago; eight days ago."

"Is it a fact, Mr. Watson, that the diamonds and this Jansen Moore disappeared practically simultaneously?"

"Of course," said Clark Watson slowly, "nobody knows just when the diamonds were stolen. But they were missed soon after Moore's disappearance. That is why so many think, maybe, he took them, especially as not a trace of him has been found since he vanished."

"And you think he did not take them?"

"I know he did not."

"That is a great deal to say, my dear Mr. Watson. Then do you suspect anybody else?"

"I do not. But I know Jansen Moore. He is no thief. He did not take the diamonds."

"And why do you think he disappeared?"

"I know nothing of that. Perhaps he has gone on a business or pleasure trip with no thought of trying to conceal himself. I don't care about that. But I want the real thief brought to justice."

"How long have you known this young Jansen Moore?"

"About five months. I moved to Wearystop five months ago to accept a position in a bank, and got acquainted with Moore almost from the first. He is a wealthy young farmer and has his account with us. It is an outrage to connect his name with this robbery."

"You tell me you have known him less than five months, yet is it not true that some who have known him all his life connect his name with this robbery?"

"But that is because he happens to go away just at this time."

"Did any one see him going away?"

"No. It was just as you said,—as if he had vanished."

"Then he left the work on his farm as if he expected to resume work there any moment?"

"Just that way. Of course his hands are going on with the regular work, but he never said a word to them about making a visit."

The detective smiled. "It seems to me, Mr. Watson, that the disappearance of the man is a much more important case than that of the diamonds. We will find out why Moore vanished, and take up the gems, later."

"No," said Watson decidedly, "I want to employ you to find out who stole those diamonds. That has nothing to do with Jansen Moore. As soon as you find the real thief, people will be ashamed of themselves for their ridiculous suspicions. In the meantime, it is none of my business if Jansen Moore goes off quietly, doubtless about affairs of his own."

The detective gave young Watson a penetrating glance from his darting gray eyes. "I will undertake this case," he said with decision. "It interests me. Was Jansen Moore a very intimate friend of yours?"

"Well, he is a good fellow; I like him all right and I think he has no objections to my company occasionally."

"But you were not intimate?"

"We could hardly be called intimate, I suppose."

"Are you a connection of the Larrymores from whom the diamonds were stolen?"

"Oh, no, I have no connections in Wearystop."

"Then may I ask why you are so much interested in this case?"

"Because I hate to see an innocent young man suspected."

"Yet he is not your intimate friend?"

"But I like him."

"You are a public philanthropist," Keeneyes smiled. "Has it occurred to you that I shall want a good deal of money to give you my services?"

"I will pay you promptly," said Watson somewhat stiffly.

"Yet you have nothing to gain if I find the diamonds?"

"I shall see an innocent man vindicated."

"But a man who is no particular friend of yours?"

"Mr. Detective," said Watson impatiently, "why do you keep harping on that?"

"I harp on it because I like the music of it," said Keeneyes easily. "Well, Mr. Watson, I will go with you to Wearystop on the next train."

## CHAPTER II.

## A VALUABLE CLEW.

On the train while journeying toward Wearystop, the detective reflected upon the mystery case he had just undertaken.

He carefully studied his companion, young Clark Watson, who had employed him.

He found Clark Watson to be a handsome young man of perhaps nineteen. Keeneyes examined his face to detect any expression that might warrant the conclusion that Watson was acting a double part. Keeneyes thought it very strange that the young man should pay him to unravel another person's mystery. Was Watson connected in any way with the case? If not, why should he employ a detective? But if connected with the case,—how?

The Larrymore family diamonds had been stolen.

A young man, Jansen Moore, had at the same time disappeared. Of course some naturally thought he and the diamonds had vanished in company.

This Clark Watson, although not an intimate friend of Jansen Moore, was employing a detective to find who stole the diamonds, because sure that Moore was innocent.

At the same time Watson seemed unwilling for Moore's whereabouts to be investigated.

Why was Watson so sure that Moore was innocent?

And though sure of that, why spend his money to prove it?

And why was Watson so indifferent as to where Jansen Moore had spirited himself away?

Moreover, if Jansen Moore had not stolen the diamonds, why had he disappeared?

As the train rushed onward towards its destination, Keeneyes scrutinized young Watson closely and asked, "And so nobody has the remotest clew as to why Jansen Moore, the rich, young farmer, disappeared?"

Clark Watson started from his deep reverie and said, briefly, "None."

"Any signs of violence discovered in his farmhouse or about the farm?"

"No, no," said the young man impatiently. "He just went away somewhere."

"Without telling anybody?"

"Of course. Had he told any one, we would know where he went."

"Do you think he will come back?"

"Naturally."

"When do you think he will come back, Mr. Watson?"

"How should I know? When he has finished the business that took him away, I suppose."

"Then do you think it was business and not pleasure that took him away so suddenly?"

"I know nothing about that, nor does it interest me. What I want you to find out is, who stole the diamonds."

"Why, of course I'll find out that, and in a brief time."

"There is another point to consider," said Watson suddenly, "if you find Moore before you find the diamonds, people might go on thinking he had stolen them."

"Perhaps he did," Keeneyes suggested.

"No," said Watson earnestly, "I am sure Jansen Moore is not the man who could ever commit a crime of that sort, or indeed of any sort. He is a splendid fellow and I intend to prove his innocence."

When they reached Wearystop, Keeneyes parted from young Watson and went to the Larrymore mansion. It was from this building that the diamonds had been stolen. He found the house large and pretentious and, upon being admitted, he saw that the furnishings were of the richest description, yet in elegant taste. It was evidently the home of wealth and refinement.

Mrs. Larrymore was sorry that her husband was then at the courthouse pleading a case, but professed herself ready to answer all questions. She showed herself anxious to recover her stolen necklace. At first, she supposed that Keeneyes had been employed by her husband and when she found such not to be the case, she took for granted that he was working for the reward her husband had offered. Keeneyes did not undeceive her on that point.

He allowed her to think that he was working for the large reward.

He found Mrs. Larrymore a considerate and well-bred woman who showed a disposition to hark back to her ancestors, but who was otherwise not tiresome.

"Now," said Keeneyes, "you say that the last time you saw your necklace was Friday night, at which time you placed it in the case upon your dresser; that it was your intention to have Mr. Larrymore carry it to the bank vault in the morning, as usual; that you supposed he had done so. You cannot recall distinctly when you missed the case from the dresser, because, supposing Mr. Larrymore had deposited it for safe keeping, it was not upon your mind."

"Yes," said the lady, "I do not believe I thought of those diamonds again until five days after, on Wednesday, when I wanted to wear them. I asked Mr. Larrymore to get them from the bank. He started and exclaimed, 'They must be in your room, for I forgot to take them to the vault.' I said to him, 'How careless we have been! But of course they are on the dresser.' Nevertheless I grew almost faint from alarm. I rose from the table, we were at luncheon, and ran upstairs. I thought the case must be on the dresser. Still, I couldn't remember having seen it since Friday night. I found it gone. It had been stolen, and no clew was left. I now feel sure that had the case been on the dresser Saturday, I must have seen it and would have reminded Mr. Larrymore to take it to the bank. So we are convinced that it was stolen Friday night some time between twelve o'clock and the next morning."

"Ah," said Keeneyes. "Then you did not retire until midnight?"

"Yes, we came home rather early, Friday evening, from a music recital. I was quite sleepy, I remember, and we retired about half-past ten. But Elsie wouldn't let me sleep. Elsie is my little two-year-old daughter. She sleeps with me. That night she was unaccountably wakeful and kept jumping out of bed and running and romping and laughing and having a good time. She is usually so quiet and still, for her health has not been very good, that we are always delighted to have her show brighter spirits. So I lay playing with her and catching her till she grew weary. It struck twelve before both of us fell asleep."

"That affords a valuable clew," said Keeneyes with evident satisfaction. "It limits the time of the disappearance nicely. Was there anything to indicate that your house had been entered in the night?"

"Nothing. We are very careful about locking up at night. Nothing was found disturbed the next morning."

"No window left partly up?"

"Nothing of the sort. The fact that the diamonds were not missed until five days after their disappearance, shows that no unusual sights or sounds disturbed us during that time; for had anything made us fancy that some one had slipped into the house, all of us would have thought at once of the necklace."

"And you believe, nevertheless, that somebody got into the house?"

"Must we not conclude so?"

"By no means. The servants——"

"They have no access to this part of the house except Mollie."

"Mollie is Elsie's nurse?"

"Yes, and a thoroughly reliable girl. We have known her people for years. But she is timid and nervous, fearing some one may think she has something to do with the robbery."

"Ah, she is nervous? and some think she stole the diamonds?"

"Of course people must find somebody to blame."

"I understand," said the detective, "that some suspect a certain rich young farmer, named, unless I am mistaken, Jansen Moore."

"Yes; and that will show you to what length public suspicion will go. I am sure Mr. Moore is the soul of honor. It is very strange about the way he has disappeared. I wish he would come back and confront his accusers."

"Then you are sure Jansen Moore is as innocent as Mollie?"

"Equally so."

"But as a matter of fact," said Keeneyes bending forward, "you do suspect some one. I invite your confidence. You can trust me. I am Keeneyes, the only Keeneyes, of whom you must have heard. Now, Mrs. Larrymore, I perceive that you dislike voicing your belief. But in telling me, it is as if you were communing with yourself. As I remarked before and as I again remind you, this is Keeneyes whom you see before you."

## CHAPTER III.

## KEENEYES GRASPS THE SITUATION.

Mrs. Larrymore hesitated.

It was evident that she felt great reluctance in gratifying the detective's desire for confidences.

Finally she said, "Mr. Keeneyes, it is true that I have a definite suspicion regarding the theft of my diamonds, and I must rely upon your professional integrity not to betray my confidence."

"In speaking to me as a detective," remarked Keeneyes, "it is as if you confided in me as a physician, or as a priest."

"Thank you. You should know, then, that the richest men in town are my husband, and Mr. Van Antwerp. My husband's family have possessed considerable wealth for generations, but the Van Antwerps were all poor until they struck oil five years ago. Mrs. Van Antwerp immediately became ambitious to lead in society. She had built the magnificent house which completely overshadows our house. She purchased the horses that cost several hundred more than ours, etc. But there was one thing that gave me decided advantage over her. As for my education and training, she did not envy them because she does not appreciate them. But my diamond necklace was something that represented money. As a poor woman she had heard of it as the most wonderful piece of jewelry in the State of Illinois, and as soon as her great house was built, she desired to wear those diamonds at her receptions."

"But my dear madam, surely you do not suspect——"

"I do."

"But if she obtained those diamonds by foul means, she would not dare wear them lest they betray her."

Mrs. Larrymore smiled without enjoyment as she said:

"She can keep me from wearing them, at all events. I do not consider Mrs. Van Antwerp a common thief, but I fancy if she could hide my necklace in order to deprive me of the pleasure of wearing it, she would consider it a sort of strategy of war."

"You have no reason for this suspicion save her general state of jealousy and social ambition?"

"Yes, a very definite reason. She sent the jeweler, a Mr. Greene, to negotiate for the purchase of the necklace."

"Of course you refused to sell?"

"I refused unconditionally, saying that money could not buy it."

"And that ended Mr. Greene's part in the story?"

"No, he fills a new and strange chapter. I will tell you. The diamonds, as I now know were stolen on Friday. Two days before that, I came home from an informal visit to a sickroom, and found this Mr. Greene sitting in this very parlor, and nobody knew he was in the house! He had slipped in and what he had done in my house, I do not know."

"What did he say?"

"He said he had rung the bell and fancying a voice had called, 'Come,' had opened the door which I had left unlocked. He claimed that he had come at once to the parlor and had waited for me."

"That is singular. And why did he say he had come?"

"To buy the diamonds."

"After you had refused to sell them?"

"Yes, he pretended to think that I might have changed my mind and he made me an offer—really, he offered me more than the necklace was worth."

"You refused, as on the former occasion."

"I told him no amount would purchase the diamonds, as they were not for sale."

"Mrs. Larrymore, to be frank, why do you think Mr. Greene was in your house on that occasion? Do you really think he came to buy the gems?"

"Certainly not. He was in this house to examine a means of getting to the diamonds without waking up the household. Evidently he formed his plans well."

"Why do you not confront Mrs. Van Antwerp with your suspicion?"

"I have no opportunity."

"Why not search her house?"

Again Mrs. Larrymore smiled coldly. "There is no use to do that, Mr. Keeneyes, for Mrs. Van Antwerp is gone. Saturday, the day after the diamonds were stolen, she and her husband started for New York to sail for Europe; and when the necklace was missed, she was aboard."

"You have cabled to the foreign police?"

"Certainly, but without much hope. I should not at all be surprised if Mrs. Van Antwerp has thrown the diamonds into the ocean. She cannot wear them, and she is resolved I shall not. Their commercial value is nothing to her, for as I say, she is rich, and she is no thief in the usual sense of the word."

"Mrs. Larrymore, under these circumstances, what can result to me in trying to investigate the robbery?"

"I should like to have it proved," said the lady. "If Mrs. Van Antwerp is guilty, she should be made to suffer; and if that Mr. Greene is an accomplice, his place of business should be closed, for it is an affront to all honest people."

"It seems then," remarked Keeneyes, "that this Mrs. Van Antwerp steams off to foreign parts after the robbery and no one suspects her, whereas a respectable young farmer, Jansen Moore, goes away at about the same time, and some suspect him."

"But that is natural, Mr. Keeneyes. Jansen Moore has disappeared mysteriously whereas Mrs. Van Antwerp has gone away without disguise."

"Were you personally acquainted with this Jansen Moore?"

"Yes. I have known him all his life. He is a fine young man and very well to-do."

"Do you think he was suddenly called from his farm by business matters?"

"I do not know what to think. It is difficult to imagine any business of so sudden and secret a nature that he must slip from his farm without rousing any of his farmhands, or using his favorite riding horse, or at least purchasing a ticket from any ticket agent who might recognize him. At the same time, I have confidence in his motives, whatever they were. Sometimes I fear violence was done him, though he had no enemies known to me."

"He has relatives here, has he not?"

"None. I suppose I was as near to him as any one, for his father was a cousin of my husband's sister-in-law. But his parents have been dead for years."

"Jansen Clark Moore was not married?"

"No. But——"

"Ah? He was engaged?"

Mrs. Larrymore hesitated.

"Speak plainly, my dear madam. I shall respect your confidence and it is absolutely necessary that I should know the whole truth about Jansen Moore."

"What I am about to tell you, Mr. Keeneyes, is really no secret, for all Wearystop knew that Jansen was devoted to Nell Atkins, and was, up to the night he vanished from the earth."

"Who is Nell Atkins?"

"The most beautiful girl in the city. Her parents are dead and she lives with a crabbed and unusually eccentric grandfather, who dotes upon her, but is as cross as a bear to everybody else."

"And she rejected Jansen Moore?"

"On the contrary, she went everywhere with him and openly showed her preference for him."

"Then they were engaged?"

"I doubt if old Eleazer Atkins had allowed it to go that far."

"Old Eleazer Atkins is the eccentric grandfather?"

"Yes."

DOCTOR'S WORDS

Talks About the Analysis of Postum Food Coffee.

To the Doubting Thomases, the endorsement of a physician as to the wholesomeness of Postum Food Coffee may be comforting.

When coffee causes nervousness and dyspepsia, it's time to stop it. And there is where Postum is a true comforter. It is a warm, palatable and wholesome beverage and at the same time is a liquid food.

Coffee does harm, not because it's well or poorly made—not because it's high or low priced—but because of the alkaloid—drug—caffeine, it contains. The habitual use of coffee, therefore, forms a drug habit.

A Buffalo physician said recently, "I have used Postum Food Coffee in my family and find it to be all that is claimed for it—a most wholesome, delicious beverage. When made and served according to directions it is certainly delightful and refreshing.

"I have read carefully Dr. Davenport's analysis of Postum Food Coffee, as printed on the pkg., which I most heartily endorse. I have been prescribing it to my patients."

The Dr. is right and there's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"Then you do not think Jansen Moore went away because Nell Atkins rejected him?"

"I am sure she did not reject him, but on the contrary, would in time have accepted him."

"That naturally suggests the idea of a rival. Was there some other young man who had eyes on this charming young lady?"

"Most of the young men were in love with her."

"That, of course complicates matters."

"One young man whom she is supposed to have refused killed himself."

"That puts him out of the case, nicely," said Keeneyes rising. "But I have detained you too long. I am grateful to you for your invaluable help."

Mrs. Larrymore rose. "You will begin your investigation of the diamond robbery at once, I trust?"

"What do you say, madam?" asked the detective politely.

"I hope you can begin upon the case at once, Mr. Keeneyes."

"My dear madam, I have quite finished your case. The diamond robbery, as you call it, is no mystery to me. Have you a register in your bedroom, the old-fashioned sort that is set flat in the floor?"

"Why, yes. But what do you mean by saying——"

"If you will look there I think you will find your diamonds. At any rate they are up there in your bedroom. Have you given the room a thorough search? But I feel sure you have not, because you were so convinced that Mrs. Van Antwerp had sailed away with them."

Mrs. Larrymore stared at him in amazement. "Why do you think she did not sail away with them?" she demanded.

"For the very best of reasons, madam, namely that they are up there in your room."

"Have you ever been in my house before, sir?"

"Never."

"Then from whom have you this information?"

"Only from yourself."

Mrs. Larrymore smiled with polite irony. "I thank you for finding my diamonds," she remarked with a slightly sarcastic inclination of her head.

"I do not say you are welcome," observed Keeneyes, smiling, "because you will remember that the finder is to be thanked with a generous sum of money."

"Whoever he is," said Mrs. Larrymore skeptically, "he will receive the reward."

"His name is Keeneyes," observed the detective. "I tell you the necklace is in your bedroom. I have even sought to localize the exact spot by suggesting the register, though that is a rough guess."

"I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Larrymore, "if you will come upstairs and find the diamonds. You know if I go up there and find them, you will not be entitled to more than half the reward."

"I should be delighted," returned the detective suavely, "but just now I really have not the time. You have afforded me such an astonishing clew that I must hurry off at once to follow it up. But if I have time tomorrow, and if in the meantime you have not discovered the necklace in your bedroom. I will drop in, with your permission, and place the jewels in your fair hand."

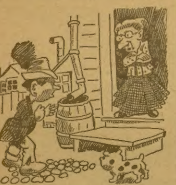
Keeneyes left the mansion.

Mrs. Larrymore looked after him, thinking. "What effrontery!"

Keeneyes left thinking, "All is now explained!"

Further chapters looking toward the solution of this mysterious story will appear in the Ledger issue of next week. We advise you to watch Keeneyes' deductions and the unfoldment of the drama to the end. It will repay you. If you desire to be entertained you ought to take this paper regularly and read the great stories of love and romance and mystery and adventure that will appear in its pages during the autumn and winter. Send in your subscription and get one of our King Cameras free as announced on page thirteen or any six of the splendid patterns appearing in our advertisement on page fifteen.

## Frank Diagnosis.



Lady—Can't work on account of paralysis, eh? Nonsense! A great big man like you! Where are you paralyzed?"

Battered Butters—Yer see, mum, it's me will power dat's paralyzed.

## Playing Upon Cupidity.

The following story, illustrative of the honesty of the border American and the Mexican, is said to be true. It was related by a well known printer: An American ranchman had employed a Mexican herder. The American owed the Mexican $60, and, as money was not very plentiful with him, began to devise means of a cheaper settlement. One evening while two men were in the kitchen the American took down a coffee mill and said:

"This is the most wonderful machine in the world. It was recently invented in the United States and is valued at $100. See here? Instead of having to crush your coffee with a stone, you put it in this way and grind it up. I never saw anything like it. Old man Jones over here wants it so bad he don't know what to do. Offered me $100 for it, but I would not accept the offer."

The Mexican listened attentively, but assumed an air of indifference. The American left the mill on a shelf. When he got up next morning he found that the Mexican and the coffee mill had disappeared.

"You can't place any confidence in the honesty of a Mexican," said he. "That fellow is positively dishonest."

## He Was Left Out.

We were going up to Albany one morning, and at a small town the train picked up a passenger, who was easily identified as a member of the Legislature. After he had got seated the Colonel went over and dropped into the seat beside him and started a conversation. After a little he asked:

"Seen the city papers this morning?"

"No, I haven't. Any big news?"

"One of them comes boldly out and charges the Legislature with having sold itself for cash."

"Does it mention any names?" asked the solon, as he hitched around uneasily.

"No, but when it says the whole body, that's enough, isn't it?"

"What bill does it say that we sold out on?"

"The recount bill."

"H'm! Well, the paper is mistaken, and if it had mentioned my name, I should have brought a libel suit."

"So you didn't—didn't——?"

"Sell out, you mean? No, sir. I was home sick for a week before and a week after that bill passed. So money was used and I——"

"You weren't there," finished the Colonel. "Some men never do have any luck."

◆

Do not try to find out too much about your friends if you would retain their friendship.

## Stiff Examination Paper.

An amusing periodical got up by the boys of one of the great public schools gives a capital skit on the style of examination papers frequently presented for the torture of pupils. Here are a few examples:

"Supposing the River Ganges to be three cubits in breadth—which it isn't—what is the average height of the Alps, stocks being 19½?"

"If in autumn apples cost cost 4 cents a pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in spring, when will green gages be sold in Paris at 3 half-pence each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of 5 per cent.?"

"If two men can kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?"

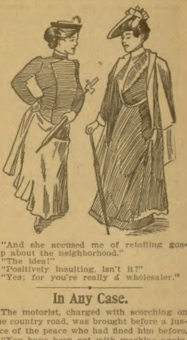
"If a milkmaid 4 feet 10 inches in height, while milking on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what was the girl's name, age and the occupation of her grandfather?"

## An Honest Parson.

Parson B. was a plain sort of man, and one who would never waste compliments upon anybody. He called one day to see one of his parishoners, and as it happened to be about tea time, he was asked to sit down and take tea, which he did.

Some very nice cake was placed upon the table by the lady of the house, who began by telling the parson that it was the worst cake that she had ever made—that she was very sorry that she had no better cake to set before him, and that it was not fit to eat, and wound up by asking him to take a piece.

"No, I thank you," replied the parson; "you say that it is unfit to eat, and as I prefer good wholesome food, I will thank you for a piece of that brown bread."



"And she accused me of retailing gossip about the neighborhood."

"The idea!"

"Positively insulting, isn't it?"

"Yes; for you're really a wholesaler."

## In Any Case.

The motorist, charged with scorching on the country road, was brought before a justice of the peace who had fined him before.

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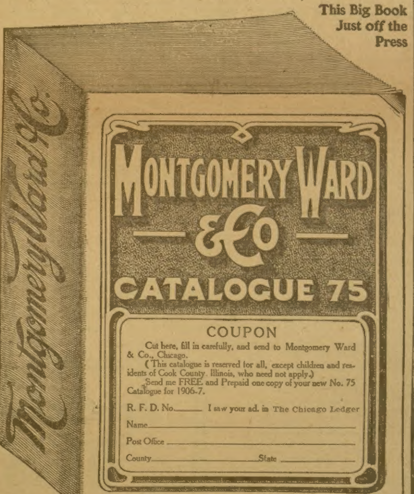

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# ALICE OF MARYLAND;

or

# THE MOUNTAIN TEN.

By T. C. HARBAUGH, author of "Robespierre," "San Francisco Sorceress," etc.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## NANCE.

Harland Keedy, with no hope of mercy from the Mountain Ten, waited for death at the hands of old Tom Creager.

Helpless on the cot in the cabin, he could do nothing and he knew that the silent men who waited for the crack of the rifle would not interpose a hand to save him.

Why did Creager withhold the shot? Keedy felt that he would soon touch the deadly trigger, but he held back as though he wished to inflict all the punishment he could upon his victim.

A bird sang blithely in a tree just outside the hut, the last song Keedy ever expected to hear and the clatter of the squirrel grew more strenuous.

Suddenly, however, there was a cry and the door of the shack flew open.

There were little ejaculations from the five spectators and Creager for a moment lifted his eyes from the shining barrel.

Instinctively Keedy turned his head and saw—Nance!

The mountain girl had rushed in, her eyes full of fire and her dark tresses in wild abandon down her back.

She took in the whole tableau at a glance. She saw the doomed man on the bed, the old villain, her father, with the leveled rifle—everything.

The tigerish glare of the father met the remonstrative look of the daughter.

"Git out!" vociferated Tom Creager. "It's no place for you, gal."

Nance did not stir.

"Git out, I say! Put the kid out o' the house," and his gaze wandered to the mountain quintette.

"If you dare!" flashed Nance, her gaze turning suddenly to the men along the wall. "Touch me at your peril!"

At the same time she drew from beneath the folds of her dress a revolver already cocked.

"Untie that man!"

Her ringing voice was couched in tones of command and her look lent it emphasis.

"Don't touch that fellow!" roared old Tom. "I'll drive a bullet through the first one that does."

"You'll kill your child, then."

In another moment Nance was at Keedy's side and, producing a keen-bladed knife, she sawed for a moment at the thongs.

"There!" said she, as the last one fell apart. "You can get up now."

Keedy with a little difficulty rose to his feet and looked at the scene before him.

He was free, 'twas true, but still in the deadly coils of the Ten.

Tom Creager growled out a deep curse directed more at Nance than at Keedy and the five at the wall sanctioned his anathema.

"Come," said Nance, in lower tones to Keedy. "We'll quit this den of vipers."

She moved toward the door and Keedy followed, but kept his face toward his enemies. A bullet in the back was the last thing he desired.

The portal which stood ajar offered egress and in a minute he was beyond the precincts of the place.

Nance led the way down the path till they struck the main mountain road when they were beyond sight of the cabin.

"I got there in the nick of time, eh?" she exclaimed as she stopped and looked up into Keedy's face. "It was a close call, I'm thinking."

"Decidedly too close for comfort," smiled the young man. "You must have suspected something?"

"When my father is not at home he's in mischief," was the answer. "He would have killed you. The old grudge."

"How's that?"

"The grudge against every man who is against the South in this war. You're Union?"

Keedy nodded.

"I'm on the other side," and the girl smiled. "I'm for the men who will be first on this mountain today. We can't all be on the same side, I reckon," with an imperious nod of the head. "It's well we cannot, I guess. You were shot at last night?"

"Yes and hit."

"Not seriously, I hope?"

"A glancing lick, but a close shave."

"You know——"

"Your father admitted firing the shot. He wanted my life."

"Don't you know? You're on the black list?"

"What black list?"

"The black list of the Ten. You're doomed!"

"But you have put me in a position to fight them."

"Perhaps, and you will fight?"

"Why not?"

The mountain girl was silent for a moment. Her eyes sought the ground and then then she raised her head and looked Keedy fairly in the face.

"Yes, indeed; why not?" she exclaimed. "Oil and water won't mix. If you keep out of their way——"

"Do you think I'm a coward?" broke in Keedy. "While there's life in me I'll fight the band back yonder!"

She came closer to him and the next second her hand had fallen upon his arm.

"I want to ask you a question—Harland," said she and her dark eyes softened with a light he had seen in the orbs of other women—the light of love. "Is it true, tell me the truth as you love your God, Harland Keedy—is it true that you——"

She broke her own sentence and her hand dropped from the young mountaineer's arm.

He waited for her to resume and saw that she was trying to control the whirlwind of passion that had taken possession of her.

"We are all alike—we women," said she, abruptly. "We live by love. Good or bad though it be, it is a part of our nature. God pity Nance Creager, Harland Keedy—God forgive me, I say—but I love you!"

Taken back by this avowal which he had no right to expect, the young man stepped away from the girl and looked into her face. It was crimson and her eyes shone like twin stars in the firmament of night.

"You know it now," she went on. "You had to know it. My whole existence is bound up in you. I cannot help it. I would risk my life any time to save yours. It is love—love, Harland. Some men would call it unholy passion, but as I live and hope for Heaven it is not. Do not cast me aside. Do not blight the only beautiful dream I have ever dreamed. I am but Nance Creager. The man who sought your life twice within the last few hours is my father, the more's the pity. But my blood, notwithstanding my birth, is as good as hers!"

Keedy started.

"As hers?" he echoed. "Whom do you mean?"

In an instant the crimson turned to snow. The face of Nance lost every vestige of color. She remained, however, a statue before the man whose life she had saved.

"It is true!" she cried, throwing up her hands in an agony of despair. "I see it all. I have saved you for her—for that woman who would laugh at my discomfiture——"

Keedy sprang forward, jerked down her hands and held them in his grip.

"Poor child," said he, "I did not know."

"But you might have known," wailed Nance. "Would I have saved you but for love? They'll outlaw me, will the Mountain Ten. My father will turn against me now. But it is well. What a fool I have been! The moth in the flame of the candle!"

She jerked from his grip, gave him another look, one he remembered many days, and sprang down the road like a racing fawn.

## LOVE, A WITCH AND WAR.

## CHAPTER X.

Keedy stood for a moment longer in the road listening to the last footsteps of the mountain witch.

She had saved his life for love, she the daughter of old Tom Creager, the child of circumstances, the fair witch of the Confederacy.

And she had realized that her love was in vain, that Alice Ford had already won what she coveted.

Nance vanished in an instant, the shadows of the road swallowed her up, and Keedy was again alone. Unarmed as he was, he knew it was not safe to remain long in that vicinity for the Mountain Ten might hunt him and the rifle of Tom Creager would prove more accurate next time.

He turned away and soon appeared in front of Alice's home.

Aunt Salome, white-faced and with traces of tears, told him the story of the girl's disappearance. Alice had not returned from her trip to the Mountain House.

The woman had not gone to the hostelry in person, but a messenger, a boy named Rudy, whom she had sent thither had returned with no tidings of the missing girl.

Keedy showed symptoms of genuine alarm. Alice would not remain away so long without cause and he knew the dark stories connected with the Mountain House, and volunteered to ferret out the mystery.

Aunt Salome acquiesced and Keedy started off.

If Alice had fallen into the hands of evildoers he would find out and there should be vengeance.

Not far from the Mountain House he stopped. The sounds of hoofs on the hard road had fallen on his ears. Keedy drew back among the sheltering brush and waited.

Up the road came the horse as yet unseen. In another moment the young man drew a breath of astonishment.

He saw a coal-black horse and his rider, a handsome man clad in Confederate gray and evidently on a mission of some kind.

"He looks like Captain Motter," thought Keedy. "He left here a year ago to unite his fortunes with those of the Confederacy. And now he has come back with the army."

The speed of the horse had dwindled into a walk, watched all the time by Keedy, and at last rein was drawn directly in front of him.

He could not be mistaken. It was surely Harman Motter of the old mountain, perhaps reconnoitering the way for Lee.

"Looks like the same old place," said the horseman, with a quick but sweeping glance at his surroundings. "Things haven't changed here since I rode down the mountain. Good place for a fight if the Yankees come up, and I know every cow path on the old South."

Keedy heard him distinctly, not a word was lost, and Motter brushed back his wealth of black hair and laughed, so glad was he to be back on the old stamping ground.

All at once the trooper threw his hand toward the holster and in a flash had whipped into sight a revolver. His eyes roved keenly up the road.

"Ho! there, you!" cried a voice which caused Motter to bend forward with his keen eyes on the alert. "Back, aren't you?"

"And you?"

"What, don't you know me?"

The last speaker was advancing down the road and the Conferedate at last held out a hand with an exclamation of recognition.

"It's you, Flook?" cried he. "By George! it does me good to grip your hand. I've heard of you, of course, and the service you've done us. Old Riddlemoser, he of the poor whisky back there in Middletown, gave me but little information about you. Well, how is Number Six?"

"Fine as a feather," responded the spy with a laugh. "You're back again. I'm glad of it."

"So am I. I hear that Rufus is going to take one of the mountain damsels to wife—the pretty Ford girl."

"If he can get her."

"What, isn't a Motter good enough for her?" cried Captain Motter. "What's the matter with the hussy?"

"It isn't that quite," said Number Six. "You know a fellow sometimes comes upon the stage of action a little too late."

"Forestalled in love, eh? Is that what you mean, Marcus?"

"Exactly."

"Well, who's got ahead of brother Rufus this time?"

"A man whom you may know. I guess you were acquainted with him before you went away to the wars. They call him Harland Keedy."

Captain Motter gave his head a little toss. "I know him and, if I'm not mistaken, I've heard that he's not with us."

"No, he's Union."

"Well, a man has a right to his opinion, but seems to me that Maryland, being Southern, should stand by her friends."

"That's what we of the mountain think," said Flook. "The Fords, all of them, are against us, too, and birds of a feather, you know——"

"Exactly," broke in the trooper. "By the way, where is this fellow who has cut Rufus out?"

Number Six shook his head.

"He's in the mountain, though?"

"Somewhere."

"Is he a spy, like yourself?"

"I don't put such work past Harland Keedy," was the answer. "We have some evidence. The Mountain Ten have not been idle in sizing him up."

Captain Motter remained silent for a little while.

"I'll help Rufus to his bridal," he said with a little laugh. "I know the whole set o' Fords. And, by the way, what's to prevent my riding down to the house and interview Miss Alice, the obstinate?"

"The fact of her disappearance."

The man in the saddle gave a little start and looked questioningly at Number Six.

"Has she disappeared?"

"Yes, and her people have roused the whole country."

"Ran away from love's altar, eh?" laughed Motter. "By Jove! here's a romance right in the midst of war. What do you know about the girl?"

"Nothing beyond her vanishment."

"Do you think she's gone off of her own accord?"

"They say not, her people do, and, from what I know," here he looked around carefully, "I'm inclined to coincide in their opinion. You see, Captain, the devil's to pay in this mountain when Cupid is crossed a little."

"Just as when I was a boy," grinned the rebel, stroking the arched neck of the black horse. "I've had a little part in a drama of that sort myself. But tell me, is there another woman in this case—a jealous female who is raising the old Ned about Rufus's love making?"

"There's just such a state of affairs, or I'm a saint," smiled Number Six. "You'd make a good solver of enigmas, Captain."

"Who is the other witch?" asked Motter.

"You'd laugh if I told you."

"Maybe so. Go ahead."

"Well, it's Nance Creager."

Captain Motter broke into a little cachination that echoed all round the man in the bushes.

"What, that chit?" cried he, breaking off his merriment suddenly. "When I went away she was only a child——"

"Nance is eighteen and a beauty," put in Flook, soberly. "She has old Tom's blood in her and we call her Cleopatra on the mountain."

"The—devil!" ejaculated Motter. "This is a pretty state of affairs. Love and passion in war. But tell me. Do you think the girl—Nance—has a hand in Alice's disappearance."

"I put nothing past her."

"We'll see about that. Then Rufus had made no progress in his love-making?"

"Deuced little," smiled Number Six. "He engaged the services of Mother Grossnickle and the old crone visited Alice just before she vanished——"

"That's enough," interrupted Captain Motter. "Say no more, Marcus. I see through the whole thing. Rufus is no fool after all. Were you going up the road? Yes? Come along, then. I'll ride slow so we can talk. Love, a witch and war. Ha! ha!" and the laugh of Captain Motter, rebel, echoed long in Keedy's ears.

## CHAPTER XI.

## BACK TO THE BIRD IN THE CAGE.

It were time, perhaps the reader thinks, that we returned to Alice Ford whom we left in the dark retreat of the Mountain House.

The girl was the prey of the deepest fears, and as the long hours dragged their slow length away she almost despaired.

From what she had heard, she was the captive of her rival, Nance Creager, and, now that she knew the girl in her true light she believed that she would go to still greater lengths.

After the quarrel, in which Mother Grossnickle played a part, an altercation over-

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heard by the prisoner of the mountain dungeon, Alice was prepared for almost any revelation.

The mystery that hung over the fate of Harland Keedy troubled her not a little. What had become of him? In vain did she try in her feeble way to solve this enigma, but the solution seemed as difficult as the riddle of time.

Why was she not visited by her jailer? Did Keedy of the Mountain House know that he had a prisoner in the dungeon?

Deeper and deeper grew the puzzle to the girl in the dark.

At last, after how many hours Alice did not know, she was startled by a sound. It was a dull rumble, then another and another, the last a little more emphatic than the others. Suddenly she fell back against the walls of her prison.

The battle!

Why had she not thought of that before? She knew that the armies were advancing toward the mountain and that a battle was imminent there. It had opened at last. She held her breath as the dull roar of the artillery seemed to shake the walls by which she was surrounded.

Again and again the harsh cannonading reached her ears, now afar as it seemed and again nearby.

Presently another sound smote her ears. It was the rattle of the muskets.

Surely the two giants—one in blue and one in gray—had met among the fastnesses of the old mountain.

For hours, as well as she could gauge time, this went on. She was cooped up out of harm's way, 'tis true, but terribly frightened. What would the result be? She longed to knew. She heard the waves of war approach and recede. She heard the shouts of men and the hoofbeats of horses.

She guessed from the latter that she was really underneath the Mountain House, for the steeds had plunged over the hard turnpike which ran past its doors.

At length all grew still. Now and then, after a little while, this silence was broken by the sharp, resonant reports of isolated guns, then even these died away and a silence like that of death itself settled down like a pall.

It was over at last!

Alice waited for some one to come into the room overhead.

All at once she became conscious that some one was trying to pierce the darkness that hemmed her in.

She started forward and was about to speak when she heard a human voice.

"Girl?"

"Here!" cried Alice before she could analyze the tones. "I am in this horrid place."

Something like a trap-door closed overhead and the next moment some one alighted at her side.

"It's a pretty place for a bird like you," cried the same voice and Alice gasped.

It was Mother Grossnickle!

There was no mistaking the ring of that voice known everywhere on the mountain.

"In the dark, be you, pretty one?" said the voice. "Why, you couldn't see a wild cat's eye in this hole."

"I should say not," responded Alice. "I shall go blind if left here much longer."

"And who did it?"

Alice hesitated. She felt that she could safely charge her mishap to Nance, yet, so far as she knew, the old witch and Tom Creager's daughter were friends.

Perhaps they were co-plotters as well.

"Never mind, I know," said she in confident tones. "You are Mother Grossnickle?"

"Yes."

"How came you to find me?"

"They say I can talk with the spooks of the mountain, that I am in league with the hobgoblins of the range, ha! ha!"

"Perchance you are."

"So you believe it, dearie? You remember what I said the last time we met?"

"I've quite forgotten."

In the darkness the skinny hand of the witch found Alice's wrist.

"Is it there yet?" said the pair of lips at her ear.

"Yes," answered the girl with a shudder. "The heart pierced by the dagger still blackens my skin. It is some of your necromancy, Mother Grossnickle."

"It is the sign!"

"So?" smiled Alice. "You said then——"

"That you must become the bride of Rufus Motter if you would escape the prophecy of the stars. That's it. You must, child."

The girl drew back the length of the human tether and tried to look into the eyes which she felt scintillated in the gloom that prevailed.

A strange, wild laugh echoed in her ears as the hand seemed to sink deeper into the palpitating flesh.

"Tell me," cried Alice. "Is the battle over?"

"Yes, little one."

"Which side gained the day?"

"The blues."

"Thank Heaven!" and the heart of the girl prisoner gave a joyous flutter in her bosom. "What time of day is it?"

"The stars are out again."

"It is night, then?"

"Night!" said Mother Grossnickle, sententiously. "It was a terrible day on the mountain. The ravines are filled with the dead. They are lying behind the stone fences and in the pine lands. The gray is intermingled with the blue. Ah! I saw the ranks go down as they charged the lines. It was grand, but it was right. The banner of the South will be raised again on another field beyond the mountain."

Alice was silent for a moment thinking of the carnage which must have rendered the mountain, her birthland, famous forever.

"Would you go out?" suddenly asked Mother Grossnickle.

"Yes."

"You can go with the promise."

Alice shrank away with another shudder.

"I make no promises that compromise my womanhood!" said she resolutely. "I will make no compact that questions my love."

"Then you shall rot here!" was tne reply. "The place is deserted. You will be forgotten and some time, years from now, they will find the Mountain Princess and—"

These words which were a threat went through Alice like arrows of fire.

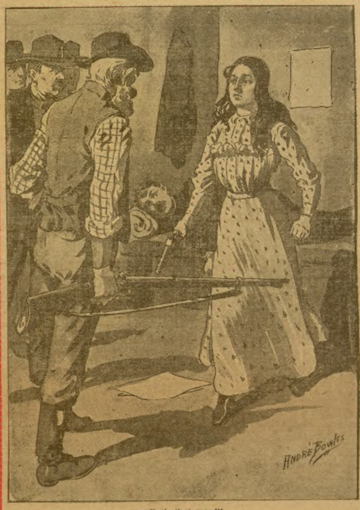
She had endured enough. There was nothing between her and liberty but the slim body of this old witch. She had seen Mother Grossnickle on the mountain rocks and she had looked slender enough to be blown into the abysses by the wind.

She was old whilst (Alice) was in the glow of youth and as powerful as a young tigress.

She tried to make out the witch's position and had to be guided by her voice.

At last she believed she had located her and the following moment she jerked loose from the hand of skin and bone and launched herself forward.

An arrow never went straighter to its target.



"Untie that man!"

The hands of Alice found the long, thin throat of Mother Grossnickle, there was a deep gasp, the uplifting of a pair of hands as Alice's fingers closed on her prey, and then she tigntened and gripped till something inanimate rolled at her feet!

This story, which is one of the most fascinating that has been written of war-time days, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Do not fail to read this great romance to the end. If you are not already a subscriber, we strongly urge you to send in your subscription and get the remainder of this captivating story and other thrilling masterpieces that are about to appear in these pages. Boys and girls may desire our free cameras, as announced on page thirteen, and women should subscribe and receive our free patterns in all the new fall styles, as advertised on page fifteen of this paper.

## Love's Diplomacy.

She was sweet seventeen, and madly in love with Edward, whom she expected to call in the evening.

Mamma, however, had refused to sanction the engagement, declaring that her daughter's suitor was not the sort of son-in-law she wanted.

Little Tommy, aged seven, was therefore bribed by his mother to stay in the room when the lovers were together. He was obedient to the letter, being far more conscientious about his task than the happy pair cared about.

At 10 o'clock, tired and sleepy, he came to his mother and asked for pay.

"Did you stay in the room, as I told you?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, all the time," he answered.

"Well, what happened?"

"We played blind man's buff," said the boy, "and it was lots of fun, but they kept me 'it' the whole time!"

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About two-thirds of a man's friends are enemies in disguise.

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There was a time when the obese woman was the light of other days.

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At his summer home in Connecticut Richard Mansfield had a fight with the fire department, although it had not been called out to extinguish his blazing temper.

We do not understand that the man who got into the courts because he tried to make his family eat bread and kerosene was in the pay of the Standard Oil Company.

Indiana whitecaps whipped a man who would not support his family. Possibly he can now collect enough damages from them to keep his family in comfort the rest of their lives.

A Maryland sheriff took a condemned man on a sea voyage before hanging him. We are a merciful people in this country and try to make all our public functions as pleasant as possible for the participants.

Russia is to have religious liberty, but it remains to be seen whether it will be worth carrying home, as it is being handed to the people by the same bunch that last year gave them political liberty with a string on it as big as the Pacific cable.

# THE SCOOP AT POCATELLO

## By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

### A SHOT IN THE DARK.

In that critical moment, Bradford's own actions did as much as anything to prove his guilt.

"What in the world has that got to do with the matter?" asked the old cattleman, holding up the cardboard square.

Mac's first glance at the object had shown him that it was the key used in translating the cipher messages.

"It is pretty generally understood. I think," said McQuaid, "that the rustlers have friends in Pocatello who keep them informed of the movements of the cattlemen. The Sheriff, I aver, is the source of much of this information.

"The news he transmits to the rustlers he is very careful not to put in plain writing. What you hold in your hand, Mr. Cranford, is a cipher message James Snell was taking with him to the rustlers, after his escape from jail.

"Snell met with an accident and was killed near his cabin. I stumbled upon the place and happened to find the message—which was the second one of the kind that had fallen into my hands."

Thereupon Mac proceeded to tell of the first message, which had fallen from Bradford's pocket. At some length, he told of how he had hit upon the key by observing Bradford and his sister through the window of the telegraph office.

In concluding that phase of the matter, he gave from memory the substance of the message, which was primarily his reason for expecting to find the second cipher upon the person of Snell.

It was all very clearly set forth, and grasped in detail by every one of the men clustered about the reporter. Mac could see the he was rising in the estimation of his auditors—at the expense of the Sheriff. And the worst was yet to come.

At Mac's request, Cranford dismounted, the second message was laid upon the top of a flat rock, and the cardboard frame was shuffled over the groups of letters. Cranford watched the work and wrote out the results in lead-pencil.

The cowboys allowed their reins to droop from their horses' bits, dismounted and clustered about the scene of the work with breathless interest. Bradford, near enough to see and hear what was going on, assumed an attitude of indifference.

The message was picked up word by word, and even in piecemeal caused a sensation; but when the translating was done, and the treacherous dispatch was read connectedly, it opened so broad a vista of double-dealing that the cattlemen were stunned.

The prosecuting attorney was involved! And the sister of the two Bradfords, the operator at the telegraph office!

Only by implication, however, could the writing of the message be laid to the Sheriff. His name was not once mentioned, and the cipher was not signed.

"That's all news to me," avowed Bradford brazenly.

"It was you," said the old cattleman sternly, "who suggested that we go south by way of Maverick Gap."

"It's the shortest way if you're goin' horseback."

"Who told you Snell was carrying a message to the rustlers? If you didn't give it to him, how did you know he had it?"

"I took that first paper from him and it was only natural I should think he was the messenger employed by the rustlers to communicate with their friends in town."

"If you and your sister were not in collusion with the writer of that first cipher, how did you know the way to go about getting the sense out of it?"

"Clara figgered that out."

"If your brother and sister are in this thing, Chester Bradford, it is foolish to suppose that you are not in it, as well. Every particle of evidence points to your complicity. With the prosecuting attorney and the Sheriff on the side of the rustlers, I am beginning to understand why the law has miscarried in Kenton County. As you said in the dispatch, this is surely a case of up-sticks with you."

The anger of the cowboys was beginning to manifest itself. Their temper grew as they debated the matter among themselves, and realizezd that Bradford would have led them into a trap from which there could have been no escape.

A concerted movement was made against him, and there were cries of "Lynch him!" and "String him up!"

"Don't you lay a hand on me!" shouted Bradford, his face ashen with fear. "I'm the Sher'f, and you ain't the ones to judge whether I've done right or wrong."

"He speaks the truth, men!" cried Cranford. "We are not the ones to judge him, or to take his punishment into our own hands. Give him his horse and let him clear out! Time enough to take care of him when we are through with the rustlers."

Since Cranford was the leader of the expedition, his words carried weight. The cowboys sullenly yielded their point and the Sheriff was led to his horse, ordered to mount and see how quickly he could get himself out of the way.

He paused long enough to shake his fist at McQuaid, then used his spurs and quirt and vanished in the direction of Pocatello. And thus it happened that McQuaid's "scoop" was given publicity in Kenton County on the very day of its publication in Denver.

Mollie and Mac accompanied Cranford and his men back to the cattle owners' camp. It was not far distant, and the cook for the outfit was busily preparing supper when the detachment arrived.

The horses were turned out to graze, and while awaiting the sonorous call of "grub p-i-l-e!" the reporter found opportunity to exchange confidences with Mollie.

"They know everything now," said Mac, throwing himself on the ground beside the girl who had found a seat on a boulder, "except that I am connected with a Denver paper."

"I should think," answered Mollie, "that they might infer that much. Why, otherwise, would you interest yourself so actively in these cattle troubles?"

"My hand was forced, in a way!"

"Not entirely, Mr. McQuaid. You could have left Pocatello when the Sheriff ordered you to go."

"Correct!" he smiled. "I don't know whether Cranford has given much attention to that point, but if he has he is bound to ask some disagreeable questions. I believe we should start for Pocatello immediately after supper."

"There is nothing to detain you here," Mollie answered, "and, although I sent word to mother that I was well, and would be home soon, I feel that I should save her as much worry as I can."

"I agree with you there. By the way, what did you do with that dispatch of mine?"

"Sent it to Hawkspur. It must have left the telegraph office at that point some time Sunday."

"Who took it?"

"Larry O'Kay."

"Why," exclaimed Mac, "he is one of the rustlers!"

"Nevertheless, he would do anything for me. Depend upon it, Mr. McQuaid, your dispatch was safely filed in the Hawkspur telegraph office.

"I talked with Larry an hour after you gave me the dispatch. He had been told to do some scouting and keep in touch with the cattlemen. Instead of that, he went to Hawkspur for me. I rode with him as far as Doctor Sanders', where I spent the night."

"And Sunday afternoon you rode back to Ticknor's! Why did you do that?"

"I felt that you were in danger, and that perhaps I could be a help to you."

"You were a help to me," he answered, "and I shall never forget what you have done, or cease to be grateful. Mollie!" He roused himself and reached for her hand. "I want to tell you something, little girl, that I——"

"Can't you wait," she smiled, "until we are on the way to Pocatello? There goes the call for supper, and I'm about famished."

"So am I," he admitted, suddenly remembering that this was to be the first meal he had had that day.

The supper over with, Mollie and Mac announced to Cranford their intention of returning to town that night. He approved of their determination and went with them to catch up their horses.

"It is a difficult situation we have to deal with in this country," the old cattleman observed to Mac, "and we shall have to deal with it in our own way. We are taking the law in our hands, but, now that you have become cognizant of the situation, can you blame us?"

"Why don't you appeal to the Governor, direct?" asked Mac.

"It is too late for that. If we were to waver at this point, and return home, the rustlers would think we were scared out. No; we have set our hands to the plow and must go on. If we can capture Meigs, we shall have the situation pretty near as we want it.

"You have rendered us good service this day, McQuaid. I am somewhat puzzled about you, and if you are in Pocatello when I get back there I hope we may become better acquainted."

Mac was in doubt whether a closer acquaintance with Cranford would be advantageous or the reverse. Newspaper men seemed to be the bete noir of cattlemen and rustlers alike.

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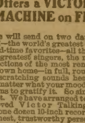

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travelers mounted, Cranford bade them good-by and halted McQuaid for a final word.

"Look out for Bradford. He is the sort of man, McQuaid, that never forgets an injury."

Before the flickering lights of the camp were fairly out of sight, the timeliness of Cranford's warning had demonstrated itself. Mac had it in mind to renew the conversation interrupted by the call to supper, and had even begun, when a revolver cracked among the dark shadows hovering on the left of the trail.

"What was that?" cried Mollie.

Mac felt a twinge, as though a hot iron had been pressed to his side.

"Some one is shooting," he said. "I wonder if Bradford can be lurking in the vicinity of the camp, or——"

His voice wavered and fell to an impotent whisper. A quick weakness ran through every nerve of his body.

"Oh, Mr. McQuaid!" murmured Mollie, her voice tremulous with apprehension, "are you hurt?"

She leaned sideways and held out her hands to support him, but he slipped through them and fell from his saddle.

"Mr. Cranford! Mr. Cranford!" screamed Mollie.

Mac made a heroic effort to stem the ebbing tide of his strength. He realized that he was on the ground, that Mollie was beside him and was supporting his head in her arms, and that Cranford was with them. Then realization faded, and the darkness shut in.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

McQuaid's rememberance of the events of the next few days was extremely hazy. During most of that time he was in the office with Sharp.

Somehow, Doctor Sanders seemed to be in the office, too, occasionally, and Mollie was there the greater share of the time. In his mental gropings he was trying to identify the two with the Commonwealth.

Sharp had a lot of nice things to say about that Pocatello "scoop." He affirmed, without equivocation, that it was one of the finest things Mac had ever done.

Mac was pleased—pleased to have his work appreciated at its true worth and pleased that Mollie was around to give listening ear to Sharp's panegyrics.

Now and then Mac met Hawkins, and once Larry O'Kay struck a discordant note by stalking into the sanctum and summarily vanishing with Mollie. Finally, when the reporter drifted from the world of dreams into that of reality, he came face to face with Larry O'Kay again, and with Mollie, also.

It was not in Sharp's office. The room and its furnishings reminded him of another room he had seen somewhere, and he finally came to the conclusion that the room was at Ticknor's.

But he was wrong. There was no carpet on the room at Ticknor's, and only one window. Here there was a carpet and two windows.

Exhausted by the mental effort that brought him to this conclusion, he went back to Sharp and the Commonwealth. But only for a brief period.

His struggling faculties landed him in that primitive room again, and Larry O'Kay was not there. But Mollie was, and so was Doctor Sanders.

"Where did Sharp go?" he asked.

A happy cry escaped Mollie and she looked at the doctor. "That's the first word he has spoken since—since that night!" exclaimed Mollie.

"He'll do," said Doctor Sanders, picking up a glass and a spoon from a table; "he's worth a dozen dead men yet. Here, McQuaid, take this."

Mac swallowed the medicine. After which he groped for a few more links in the chain.

"Cranford!" he muttered; "what became of Cranford?"

"Oh, he and his expedition retreated to Pocatello when they heard the militia was coming," said Sanders.

"Militia?" echoed Mac.

"Don't bother your head about things, McQuaid. Plenty of time for that, after a while."

"Where am I?" persisted the reporter.

"You're at my house. Cranford and his men brought you here after you were shot."

"I was shot, was I?"

"Undoubtedly. Your case comprised the only casualty during the war."

"What war?"

"Cattlemen and rustlers."

"How long have I been here, doctor?"

"Close to a week."

"And you've been taking care of me?"

"With Mollie's assistance."

Mac stretched out his hand and caught Mollie's.

"I'll never forget how you've stood by me," said he, with feeling.

"Don't," said the doctor. "Meanwhile, that needn't interfere with your going to sleep. That's what you need, just now—a little natural sleep."

Mac went to sleep, and when he awoke it was morning—at least it seemed so to him—and Mollie was still there.

"Did you sit up with me all night, Mollie?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she answered, "Larry watches nights."

"I feel in an inquiring mood," continued Mac. "Suppose I can talk if I want to, can't I?"

"Doctor Sanders said——"

"Doctor Sanders isn't here, so we needn't mind. Was it Bradford who shot me?"

"No one knows that, Mr. McQuaid. But it is generally supposed that it was the Sheriff."

"Does any one know where he is?"

"No, although he is thought to be somewhere in the southern part of the county."

"Was I very severely hurt?"

"Very. The Denver doctor thought you couldn't possibly recover, but Doctor Sanders declared that he'd pull you through."

"Denver doctor?"

"Your newspaper sent him."

"That was mighty nice of Sharp."

"He ought to be nice to you!" declared Mollie, with a toss of the head. "At this moment the Commonwealth is being talked about more than any other paper in the West. And why? Because, through you, it opened the eyes of the country to what was going on in Kenton County."

"I suppose there was a tremendous stirring-up when that article got into print!"

"The Governor took a hand at once. The militia was ordered out and martial law has been declared all through the county. Mr. McQuaid, you did wonders!"

"What has become of the prosecuting attorney and the telegraph operator?"

"The prosecuting attorney is in Mexico. The telegraph operator has gone to Cheyenne."

McQuaid heaved a sigh of satisfaction and lay comfortably back on his pillow.

"Meigs," continued Mollie, "has been captured, together with several more of the leading rustlers. It is expected that some of them will reveal more unsavory truths concerning the Bradfords."

"What luck a reporter will have, now and then," murmured Mac. "If the Sheriff hadn't called on me that morning and ordered me out of town, you'd never have picked that paper out of the morning glories. When I found the key to that cipher I found the key to the whole situation in Kenton County."

Mac lay quietly for a few minutes, studying the fair face at his bedside.

"Mollie," he said softly, "if you will remember I started to say something to you in that cattlemen's camp, but was interrupted by the man at the chuck wagon; I was just getting ready to speak out again when that bullet interfered; but now——"

"Don't you think you have talked rather more than you should, Mr. McQuaid?" said Mollie demurely.

"I'll keep still for a month if you'll let me speak out what's on my mind. Mollie," and he struggled to get at her hand, "what could I have accomplished without you? We haven't known each other very long—"

"Less than two weeks," she broke in.

"Yes, that is what the calendar might tell us, but——"

Just here a lady entered the room.

"Why," cried Mac, "can it be you, Mrs. Denning? Mollie didn't tell me you were here."

"Mother has been here for two days, Mr. McQuaid," said Mollie.

"I am very glad indeed to find you improving so rapidly, Mr. McQuaid," smiled the widow. "A gentleman has just come and asked if he could see you."

"Who is he?" queried Mac.

"Mr. Homer Hawkins."

"Well, well!" laughed Mac. "The gentleman who made things so uncomfortable for us at Ticknor's, Mollie—the gentleman who got so beautifully scooped in this rustler business. Let him come, Mrs. Denning. Don't you go, Mollie," he added, as the girl started to leave. "I want you to stay just to see that I don't talk too much."

The next moment Mr. Hawkins had fluttered in. He was the same old Hawkins, although his attempt to appear natural was costing him an effort.

"Tickled to death, Bob, to hear you're coming around so finely," said he, grasping McQuaid's hand. "Ah, Miss Denning!" he added, with a bow to Mollie. "Our last meeting was under somewhat different circumstances."

"Somewhat," spoke up Mac. "What became of you, Hawkins, when you left Ticknor's?"

"I was put on a horse and conducted in a southerly direction. For several days I have formed a part of the enterprise of the entourage of the estimable Mr. Meigs. I even accompanied him and his followers to Maverick Gap, where we went into hiding and waited for the cattlemen who never came.

"News that the Governor was asserting himself, and had called out the militia, prompted Mr. Meigs to put me on a horse and cast me adrift. Ultimately I found my way into Pocatello, where your meteoric activities burst upon me in all their dazzling splendor."

Hawkins looked embarrassed. He was willing enough to concede Mac his full measure of success, but his peace of mind would have been greater if he had something of his own to be thankful for.

"My meteoric activities, as you so feelingly refer to them," said Mac, "came within one of compassing my destruction. However, I won out."

"You did, and I have come all the way out here from Pocatello just to congratulate you. I'm for the old town, Bob, with a few fag ends of recent events which your enforced retirement has prevented you from covering. I should like a picture of Miss Denning, if I could get it." He turned a questioning look upon Mollie.

"No, you don't!" said Mac. "I know what you're up to and I won't have it."

"It's a good story," demurred Hawkins, "and inasmuch as I have been scooped all around in this rustler business I feel that I am entitled to it."

"If my friendship is worth anything to you, Hawkins," said Mac, "you will respect my desires in this matter."

"Oh, if you put it that way," returned Hawkins resignedly, "I'm done. You have blundered into a ten-strike out here, Bob, but if your 'scoop' had been a double-header it would have been more brilliant."

"It wouldn't have been a 'scoop' if it had been a double-header," said Mac.

"Perhaps not, but the thing would have been more comprehensive. For instance, one of the fag ends which I saved from the wreck and developed has to do with the Bradford conspiracy. The prosecuting attorney, the Sheriff and the telegraph operator, in return for services rendered, had a share in the unlawful earnings of the rustlers.

"If a rustler was arrested he usually managed to get away; but if he didn't get away the prosecuting attorney took care of him; and whenever the cattlemen sent telegrams they could bank on finding their contents in the hands of the rustlers almost as soon as they were on the wires.

"The Bradfords are scattered, just now, but I understand that the prosecuting attorney is waiting in Chihuahua for funds, and that when he gets funds he will come back to Pocatello, put up a legal fight and save himself and his two relatives by dodging behind a technicality of some kind.

"He can't do this without money, and the money he is looking for is to come from the estate of Caspar Denning." Hawkins shot a side glance at Mollie. "You see, Bob," he went on, "how the Caspar Denning story dovetails into the rustler imbroglio. It is difficult to touch upon one without going into the other."

"I can't help the difficulty of it," said McQuaid. "You know what I expect you to do, so we won't thresh over that matter again."

"Well, I don't want to tire you, old man. Good-by. Get back to the old stamping grounds as soon as you can and look for the boys to give you a spread that will lay over any other function that was ever pulled off by the Press Club."

After Hawkins went, Doctor Sanders came in, declared his patient had been talking too much and shrewdly replaced Mollie with Mrs. Denning. With the departure of Mollie, Mac's desire to talk went from him.

He had picked up many links in the chain of recent events and he fell to cogitating upon these until he dropped asleep.

For two days he continued to improve, and then came no less a personage than Mr. Martin Ferguson. Mr. Ferguson was thoroughly acquainted with the trend of affairs at Doctor Sanders'; he had lingered until the eleventh hour before presenting himself and arrived armed with a determination to see what he could do.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MOLLIE SAVES A FORTUNE.

Mrs. Denning and Mollie were with McQuaid when Ferguson came. Both ladies rose and greeted him warmly.

"Ladies," said the little man effusively, "your most obedient, always. Mr. McQuaid," he added, turning and grasping Mac's hand, "we meet again. Proud, sir, to grasp the hand that has wrought so much good in this suffering county.

"Mollie," and he faced the girl once more, "I have not forgotten what day it is and I have taken this long ride from Pocatello for the sole purpose of wishing you many happy returns. Healthy, wealthy and wise—that is what I would have you on this day of all days.

"Miss Denning, Mr. McQuaid," he finished, swerving his eyes to Mac, "is now twenty-one. This is her birthday."

Mac was startled. That day was worth $50,000 to Mollie. If she allowed it to pass without carrying out the stipulations of her uncle's will, the money would pass with it—and into unworthy hands.

It was no longer necessary for any one to be with Mac all the time, and presently Ferguson and the two ladies left the room. This was a ruse on Ferguson's part to secure a private word with the reporter.

In a little while the store-keeper returned alone, sat down at the bed's head, hooked up one knee between his hands and beamed at Mac through his spectacles.

"On or before her twenty-first birthday," remarked Ferguson, "that is the way the will reads. McQuaid, it is to be either you or Larry O'Kay."

Mac understood, but made no response. Ferguson's interest in Mollie was too matter-of-fact to appeal to the reporter. His very frankness repelled, and his sordid views were chilling.

"That's all I've got to say," went on Ferguson, after a pause. "Events prove that you and Mollie have taken rather more than a passing interest in each other. The girl has helped you; now, if there is an atom of manhood about you, you will turn around and help her.

"These Bradfords want the money. If they get it they will fight their case in the courts and perhaps, because of that $50,000, justice will miscarry. Do you want to stand around and see a thing of that kind happen—especially when you are morally certain that Chet Bradford is the man who shot you?

"Think over what I have said, McQuaid." Ferguson dropped his suspended foot, arose and backed toward the door. "There are such things in life, you know, as going farther and faring worse."

Then Ferguson vanished, leaving Mac in anything but an agreeable frame of mind. He was thinking intently when Mollie came into the room half an hour later.

There was a constraint in the girl's manner which Mac could not help noticing. Seeing that his eyes were on her face, she turned her head, with a flush and a slight frown.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

$7.85 DRESSES ANY MAN

With an All-Wool Made-to-Measure Suit or Overcoat of nobby material.

Fall and Winter Storm Coat, Extra Pair of Trousers, high grade Sweater FREE

Suits made to measure by experienced tailors, durably trimmed, for $7.85, equal to any tailor's $15.00 suit—A Fall and Winter storm coat or a pair of extra trousers like suit, a fancy pattern if desired, besides a high-grade Sweater FREE

You take no chance dealing with us, as you do business with a house that bears reputation. Perfect fit guaranteed, or you don't take the goods. Just send us your name and address and we will send you free samples of our Fall and Winter cloth, measurement blank and tape line. Send no money, but write today

An Iron-clad Guarantee Sent With Each Garment

MARKS & LEE CO. (INCORPORATED)
TAILORS TO THE CONSUMER
185-191 Adams Street, Dept. 4, CHICAGO, ILL.

FORTUNE TOLD FREE

Send a 2 cent stamp, name, address, and birthdate for fortune worth having, the greatest of all. I tell more than all others and it comes true. Please try me and see.

A. B. SALVO, DEPT. 5, STATION A, BOSTON.

FREE GOLD WATCH

Our STEM-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timekeeper; of proper size, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE to Boys or Girls for selling 20 Jewelry articles at 10c. each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid; when sold send $2.00 and we will positively SEND watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail; also GOLD LAID CHAIN, LADIES' or GENT'S STYLE.
RAND MFG. CO., DEPT. 904 CHICAGO.

FREE
128 PAGE
BOOK
TELLS HOW

DEAFNESS CURED

SIGHT RESTORED AT HOME

My free book tells how Cataracts Granulated Lids, Weak or Sore Eyes, and other Eye diseases; how Deafness, Headnoises and Catarrh can be cured at home with little expense. Write for this free book today and learn about my new method. Address—

DR. W. O. COFFEE, 893 Century Bldg. Des Moines, Ia.

This $20 Watch for $5.45

These figures tell exactly what we are doing—selling a $20.00 watch for $5.45. We don't claim that this is a $40.00 watch or a $50.00 watch, but it is a $20.00 watch. A leading watch manufacturer, being hard pressed for ready cash, recently sold us his entire stock—watches actually built to retail at $20.00. There is no doubt that we could wholesale them to dealers for $12.00 or $13.00, but this would involve a great amount of labor, time and expense. In the end our profit would be little more than it is at selling the watch direct to the wearer at $5.45.

EVINGTON
21 J

Ladies' or Gents' Size.

This Evington Watch we offer at $5.45 is a rubied jeweled, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement, with specially selected jewels, dust band, patent regulator, jeweled compensation balance, double hunting case, genuine gold-laid and handsomely engraved. Each watch is thoroughly timed, tested and regulated at the factory and both the cases and movement are guaranteed for 20 years.

Clip out this advertisement and mail it to us to-day with your name, postoffice address and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a ladies' or gents' watch and we will send the watch to your express office at once. If it satisfies you, after a careful examination, pay the express agent $5.45 and express charges,—if it does not, return it at our expense.

A 20-Year guarantee will be placed in the front case of the watch we send you and to all customers ordering before Christmas we will send a beautiful gold-laid watch chain, Free. We refer to the First Nat'l Bank, Chicago, Capital $10,000,000.

NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO.
Dept. 706 CHICAGO, ILL.

Free U. S. Gov'nt Lands

Write to C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago, for free copy of new folder, telling all about Government lands along the Santa Fe in western Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, subject to homestead entry.

In that region are millions of unoccupied acres. Much of this land can be irrigated, or crops grown under the Campbell system of "dry farming."

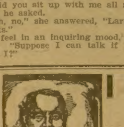
It costs you only a postal card to find out the facts.

Southwest and in California

100 PICTURES
MAGIC LANTERN OUT-FIT
Nearly 1 Ft. High
BIG OFFER

This handsome Magic Lantern complete with 100 Colored Pictures, together with a perfect working Fountain Pen, will be given away to any boy or girl for selling 32 useful articles of merchandise at only five cents each, $1.60 worth in all. Write quick for the articles. We trust you. Address,

NICKEL MERCHANDISE CO.
Magic Lantern Dept. 59 Bridgewater, Conn.



I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours

FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 564 Watertown, N. Y.

### Always in Use.

"Could I borrow your flatirons to-morrow?" ventured the new neighbor.

"No, I am sorry," replied the woman in the red sunbonnet, "but our irons are always in use night and day."

"Gracious! You don't mean to say that you are ironing all the time?"

"Oh, no. But by the time I finish ironing Uncle Billy gets the misery in his wisdom tooth and has to hold hot irons to his jaw, and when he finally gets off to sleep the rest of the family need the irons to throw at the stray cats in the back yard."

### Rapid Aging.

Young Husband—What! You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty.

Young Wife—wearily—I have aged rapidly since I married.

### Clearly Defined.

"What," asked the very young person, "is your idea of a dude?"

"A dude," answered the observer of things, "is a young gentleman who tries to behave in a ladylike manner."

## AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

THE BEST OF STEEL 1 8 TOOLS IN ONE AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND BY 8 TOOLS IN ONE
Hammer
Hatchet
Screw Driver
Staple Puller
Nail Claw
Wire Cutter
Leather Punch
Pinchers
Every Farmer Wants One at Sight
One of our agents says he will make $1500 next year. We believe he can. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for Special Offer and plan to Agents. Make money now. J. B. Foote (Dept. 113) Fdry. Co. Fredericktown, O. The Great Agents Supply House.
[Note—We have used the "eight tools in one" outfit and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—Ed.]

EARLY AGENTS Get the big Holiday Orders. Cut-price Christmas books. 50c. book, 12½c; $1 bk. 25c; $1.50 bk. 50c; $2.00 bk. 75c. Credit given. Outfit Free. FERGUSON CO., 10196 Fifth, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED Sell $1 Ore-Ozone for 35 cents. 200 per cent profit. New plan, everybody buys. Write for terms and territory. ORE-OZONE CO., 126 State St., Chicago.

MEN, WOMEN or CHILDREN to sell New line of CHRISTMAS books. Every family buys. Use your spare time earning BIG CHRISTMAS MONEY. Write for free outfit. W. R. VANSANT, CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED Good Man in each county to represent and advertise Hardware Department, put out samples, etc. Salary $21 weekly. Expense money advanced. Dept. W, THE COLUMBIA HOUSE, CHICAGO

MAN OR WOMAN WANTED to travel, distribute samples and employ agents. $18 a week, expenses advanced. Local manager and canvassers also. ZIEGLER CO., 209 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

PICTURE AGENTS Large 24 x 28 Framed Wall Pictures cost[illegible] complete, sell for 98c easy. 120 subjects. Send stamp for catalogue. Crayon Portraits 40c. Address PICTURE CO., Dept. D, WAYNE, ILL.

$175 Per Month handling the SANITAS BUTTER SEPARATOR and other Dairy Supplies. Separator extracts butter from cream in five minutes. GUARANTEED. Splendid proposition. Address SANITAS DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Dept. 7, Postal Tel. Building, Chicago, Ill.

FAVORITE CAKE SPOON For stirring and mixing batter. Also useful as a skimmer and in many other ways. Sent with 4 other attractive novelties prepaid Free to Agents. Catalog Free. Dept. AL. HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN. Passenger Brakemen, Baggagemen, Firemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors, Porters. Experience unnecessary. Name position desired. Instruction by MAIL. Booklet for stamp. Address INTER. RAILWAY INST., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Indiana

DETECTIVES
Shrewd men wanted in every community, to act under instructions; previous experience not necessary. Send for free book of particulars. Grannan's Detective Bureau, 11 Cincinnati, O.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $1 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 2022 Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED Reliable men in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $60 a month and expenses $3 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

MAKE MONEY EASY
Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblems etc. on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.)
Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write postal for our big Free Bicycle catalog showing all models at lowest prices. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires until you learn our marvelous new offers. We ship on approval without a cent deposit, prepay freight, allow 10 Days Free Trial—All our new and wonderful propositions with catalogues and much valuable information sent you FREE for the asking. WE WILL CONVINCE you that we sell a better bicycle for less money than any other house. Buy direct from the factory. If you want to Make Money or Earn a Bicycle write for our Special Offer. TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, built-up-wheels and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait, but write us a postal today and learn everything. Write it now. MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W. 56 Chicago, Ill.

### She Had Proof.

Edyth—You ought to have heard Mr. Huggin's ringing speech last night.

Mayme—Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech.

Edyth—Well, he made one just the same. I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring.

### Cooping an Anarchist.

"In the struggle for liberty," shouted the long-haired anarchist, "you will always find me, brothers, in the van."

"Sure," said the doughty policeman, as he pulled him into the patrol wagon.

### Quiet Missionary Work.

Literary Critic (laying down a new book)—I wish every maid, wife, and mother in the country could read that book.

Able Editor—Well, run in a line to the effect that that book is one which no woman should be allowed to see.

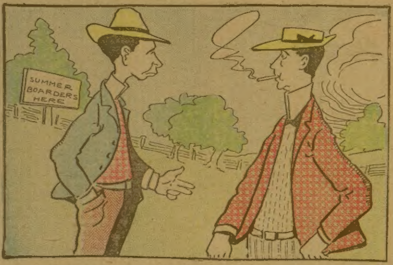
### A Great Scheme.

"Jimmy's got a great scheme to get out o' school on these nice days."

"How does he work it?"

"He goes out an' washes his face, an' the teacher thinks he's ill, an' sends him home!"

## SCORCHER.



Jack—Fickle got himself in hot water.
Fred—Playing with fire again?
Jack—Yes; two of his old flames met last night.

### One of Thousands.

Theorizer—I can't understand it, I really can't. Here, you left a comfortable home in Europe and came to this country because you wanted to be your own landlord; yet you settle right down here in a big city and pay more rent for a dingy slum cellar than you paid in Europe for your whole farm. Why don't you go West, where you can get land for nothing, or else go back to your pastoral home in Europe?

New Arrival—The West is too far to walk, and Europe is too far to swim.

### Everything Before It.

The man who likes to follow the hounds was lauding the horse and ridiculing the automobile.

"There is no sport in a cumbersome machine," he bantered. "Give me the blooded horse. Why, with a horse I can take the fence every time."

"Take the fence, eh? Why, that is nothing. With an automobile you can take the fence, the gate, the tree, the pump and the barn all in two or three seconds."

### One Chance Left.

Great Statesman—I have just received a letter from my brother. He has failed in business again. No matter what he tries, he fails utterly. Singular, isn't it?

Ordinary Citizen—Well, if he is too incompetent for any trade, business, or profession, why in the world doesn't he go into politics?

### What Papa Said.

Him—What did your father say when you told him I had asked you to marry me?

Her—Shall I leave out the swear words?

Him—Of course.

Her—Then I don't believe he said anything.

### No Hope for Him.

Prisoner—I should think you ought to get me out of this scrape. It's my first offense, you know.

Lawyer—That's just the trouble. Your record is so good that I can't possibly prove you are insane.

### Hard-Headed.

Smith—Old Jawkins was kicked in the head by a mule yesterday.

Jones—Poor Jawkins!

Smith—Huh! Jawkins is all right, but they had to shoot the mule.

### Reliable.

Young Man—You are older than I am, and I want to ask you a question. Does a woman always mean what she says?

Old Man—Always—that is, if she's married.

### Many Try It.

"But why did he marry?"

"So as to have some one to help him live within his income. He couldn't do it alone."

### As Others See Us.

Wedderly—Miss Oldham is certainly a self-possessed woman, isn't she?

Singleton—Yes; and I'm glad of it.

Wedderly—Glad of it!"

Singleton—Yes; at least I'm glad that she isn't one of my possessions.

### His Experience.

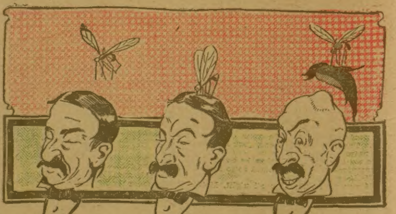
Jack—Love, as well as the rose, has its thorn.

Tom—How's that?

Jack—Oh, one is reasonably sure to encounter a pin in the girl's belt.

Every Lady Read This.
Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

## A HAIR-RAISING SENSATION.



### Good Title.

"That is a very polite waiter you have," remarked the new guest. "What do you call him?"

"Well," replied the hotel proprietor, "all the boys around here call him 'Scales.'"

"And why do they call him 'Scales'?"

"Because he is tipped so often."

### Knew It Had Disappeared.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it?

Flip—Well, er—I knew it had gone!

LOOSE TEETH
Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.
Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.
All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.
If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:
"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally.
"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)
"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth.
"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason.

### Provided in Advance.

Gussie Bore—I wonder why Miss Cogger let me do all the talking when I rode out in her automobile last evening. Did she say anything about me?

Dick Kidder—No; I only heard her say she took along an extra "tire."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.
Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville. Pa.

### Against Time.

Business Man (to new amanuensis)—See here, you are writing out my words in full. Why don't you take it in shorthand?

New Amanuensis—You talk too fast.

### Reason for It.

Grave—You boys seem to fairly adore that pretty manicurist.

Jack—Well, she is "the divinity that shapes our ends."

### New Idea for Play.

Manager—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit.

Playwrite—What is it?

Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone in the first act that will kill all the actors.

### This Summer's Size.

Mrs. Stubb—John, that must have been a very eccentric burglar that called on us last night. Why, he didn't take anything away but the icebox.

Mr. Stubb—Well, Maria, our icebox was so small he thought it was the jewel case

# JOLLITY

### Perilous Pies.

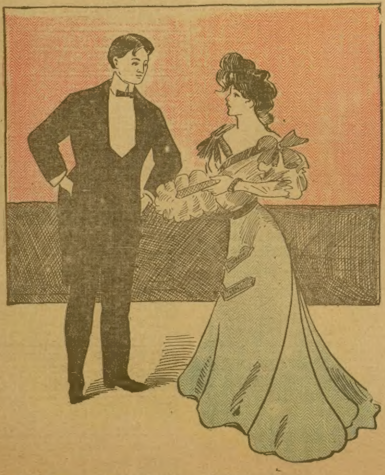
Mrs. Jubb—Wake up, John. I'm sure a burglar is down in the pantry, and he's eating all my pies."

Mr. Jubb—Well, I don't care, just so he don't die in the house.

### Unable to Say.

"What is the nature of your husband's disposition when sober?" asked the police magistrate.

"Really I don't know, your honor," answered the woman with the black eye.



Sister Dolly—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven?
Brother Jim—Because it is heaven, my dear.

### Uncle Hank's Idea.

"Uncle Hank," ventured the city boarder, "what do you think of a young man going to college?"

"Why, it's a big skin game," replied the old farmer.

"Think so?"

"I know it. In the spring he is looking for the sheepskin, in the fall he is looking for the pigskin and the rest of the time he is trying to skin the old man out of extra allowances for cigarettes and celebrations."

**Cancerol, a Home Treatment for Cancer.**

An unparalleled record of successful cures proves the superiority of Cancerol. Not an experiment, but the result of experience. Investigate for yourself—costs but a trifle. Write to-day for free book. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 88E, Indianapolis, Ind.

### All Her Own.

The happy wife and mother gazed at them with pride.

"These are my jewels!" she exclaimed.

They were, indeed, the finest graham gems she had ever baked.

### Have You One?

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a mutual friend?

Pa—A mutual friend, my son, is one who makes it his business to keep you informed of the mean things your other friends say about you.

### The Cause of Her Anger.

He kissed her once. Next day she was
As cold to him as ice.
Whew! Was she mad? Of course, because
He had not kissed her twice.

### No Resemblance.

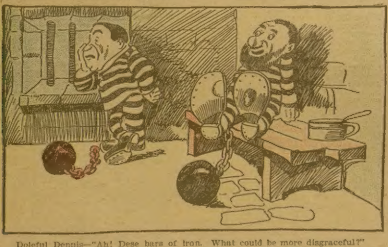
Teacher—Your spelling is frightful! Why don't you look in the dictionary when you write your essays?

Pupil—I do, but I can never find the word I'm looking for.

### Explained Satisfactorily.

Percy—I say, Chappie, old boy, why do you—aw—smoke bwown papah cigawettes?

Chappie—To match me wusset shoes, doncher know.



Doleful Dennis—"Ah! Dese bars of iron. What could be more disgraceful?"
Billy Coalgate—"Bars of soap, pard; bars of soap. Cheer up."

### Edison's Failure.

Caller—Mr. Edison, I have been told that you were at work on a steam phonograph, to be attached to locomotives, so that they would toot the names of every station as the train came in.

Edison—moodily—I tried it; but the phonograph broke all to pieces, and came pretty nigh bursting the engine.

Caller—I am surprised. Where did you make the experiment?

Edison—On a railroad in Maine.

Caller—Oh! Well, don't be discouraged. Try it again in some section where towns are not named after Indian chiefs.

### Cause for Liberality.

An old Georgia darky who had buried his money forget to blaze the tree which stood near the spot. Getting mixed as to the locality, he knelt down and asked the Lord to guide him to the place. While he was praying a storm came up, and lightning struck the near-by tree, and he found his cash.

"Dar, now!" he muttered, "look how Providence answers de righteous! I got a great min' ter put a nickel in de collection-hat next Sunday!"

### Glad to Lose It.

The suburbanite awakened with a start. Peering down in the deep shadows of the porch he discovered the determined face of an intruder.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am a burglar," was the bold retort.

"A burglar, eh? Well, here is a five spot. Go out and steal that lawn mower from under the tree before my wife wakes up."

### Knew How to Bother Her.

"So you are not going to the circus with us, Bobbie?"

"Yes, I am, grandpa."

"Your mother told me just now that you couldn't go."

"You don't know mother, grandpa. Wait till I have asked the fiftieth time."

### Facts in the Case.

Singleton—A sensible girl is apt to request the young man she is engaged to not to spend so much money on her.

Mrs. Wedderly—Yes; but she doesn't have occasion to make such a request after marriage.

### As It Affected Him.

"I saw Henpeck today, and he said he was so homesick."

"Why, he's at home, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's what he meant."

### Turned Over.

"And then after awhile a complete turn came in my life."

"I say, old man, you talk as if you were a pancake!"

### Got It.

She—I married you for sympathy, and now——

He—Yes, I know, and now all our friends sympathize with me.

### Are We Improving?

"In olden times gossips were burned at the stake."

"But nowadays they make other people feel hot!"

### Paradoxical.

"My love for you," he declared, "is as deep as the ocean."

"Dear me," she replied, "and people say you are such a shallow person, too."

### In Hard Luck.

"I understand that the voice of the new singer De Lispey has a very poor range."

"It appears to be strong enough to roast him all right."

### Just Possible.

Mrs. Jinks—They say she can wind her husband around her finger.

Mrs. Blinks—Well, I don't doubt it. She married a circus contortionist, you know.

### Egging Him On.

Actor—I have a war as well as a histrionic record. I was nearly killed once by the bursting of a shell.

Manager—Who threw the egg?

### Licensed Crime.

Doctor—I think I'll have to call in some other physicians for consultation.

Patient—Go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you wish.

### Nothing to Brag Of.

"Yes, Snob asserts that he has always been accustomed to riding in a carriage. I suppose he started life that way?"

"Humph! Most of us did!"

### Matrimonial Flier.

Upon the wings of love he flew
To buy the maid a diamond ring.
They're married now, and he today
Flew back to see what it would bring.

## AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of The Ledger will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

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Give us all or part of your time for the biggest money-making proposition ever offered. By our plan you will, in a short time, enjoy self-earning commissions beside the commission you work for.

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AGENTS—Our patented household specialties sell without argument. Big profit. Exclusive territory. EXCELSIOR CO., Dept. 24, 265 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, Ill.

$80 per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel, advertise, post signs and leave samples. SAUNDERS CO., Dept. 5, Jackson Blv'd., CHICAGO

AGENTS coin money selling Elec. Insoles, Elec. Belts and Soap. Send 2c for souvenir and price list. ELEC. APPL. CO., Burlington, Kan., Inc.

$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesmen to sell goods to grocery dealers. Experience unnecessary. A. DEFIANCE CO., Parsons, Kansas

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 292, Sta'n L, New York

SIX BLADED CHOPPING KNIFE [illegible] FREE [illegible] STAMPING CO., ANDOVER, N.Y.

AGENTS your credit is good, sell $1 box Native Herbs for [illegible] on commission, express paid. F. C. MELROSE, Columbus, O.

$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN with rigs to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAVELLE CO., Dept. 29, PARSONS, Kansas

$40.00 PER WEEK and expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. EUREKA MANUF'G. CO., Dept. L, NAVASOTA, Texas

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris TRANSPARENT HANDLE POCKET KNIVES. Write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P. O. Box A Morris, Ill.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introducing Electric Combs, Brushes, and other Fast Sellers. Samples Free to Good Agents. Dr. C. L. HULL, 1431 Penn Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH Weekly Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. Salary or Commission; full time or side line. Good pay and promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box H 18, DANVILLE, VA.

SELF SHARPENING CUTS TO THE END AGENTS $103.50 per month selling these wonderful Scissors. V. C. Giebner, Columbus, O., sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made $13; you can do it; we show how. Free Outfit. Thomas Co. Blk. 144, Dayton, O.

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Big Money—Easy Work We make a liberal offer to reliable agents and salesmen to sell our TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES indestructible and razor steel We place ANY photo, emblem or name under transparent handle. Send for terms and photo of handsome pocket sample case. Exclusive territory to agents. CANTON CUTLERY CO., 1285 W. 10th Street, Canton, Ohio

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MEN CURE THEMSELVES easily, and gradually, by taking the remedy in *tablet form* three or four times a day. They like this remedy because they don't have to quit; *it makes them quit* as the dose dissolves slowly in the mouth and takes away all craving for tobacco.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE PESTILENCE.

While dire misfortune had attended the employes at Henderson & Brown's mill, Lorion Hadley was becoming the sport of a strange series of turns in the phantom wheel of fortune.

The scourge of yellow fever had broken out in Memphis, and the great city was a scene of horror that might well appal the stoutest heart and try the nerve of the strongest.

There was a wild rush to escape the plague; the wealthy fled at the outset, and every train bore scores of fugitives of the richer class; but the poorer citizens were compelled to remain, where pestilence ran riot.

The whir of machinery floated, as yet, upon the humid, poison-laden air, the sun rolled, a fiery ball, through the cloudless sky, while the flowers took on a brighter bloom, as if fed by the miasma that was destroying human life.

The streets were nearly deserted, save when the long-drawn whistle summoned the toilers to their daily tasks, or the hour came for the unyoking of men; then the stream of pedestrians hurried over the hot sidewalks, their faces wearing the half-frightened expression of a condemned prisoner on the way to the place of execution, for none knew but he might be the next victim of the deadly fever.

At the midnight hour, the rumble of heavy wheels and the tramp of horses broke startlingly upon the hearing of the inhabitants as the frequent halts told of the grim harvest being gathered by the midnight sextons, whose hoarse cries echoed dismally through the gloom:

"Bring out your dead!"

Then, from squalid tenement-block or pretentious mansion, came the bearers of the uncoffined dead; the ghastly remains were hastily consigned to the pine boxes which were unceremoniously hoisted with a bang upon the tier already too high and toppling; then the cart creaked away with its burden of mortality, to enact the same scene within a few minutes.

Lorion was debating the question of leaving the city, but the knowledge that it would be difficult to secure a position because of the unsettled state of manufacturing concerns, deterred him from abandoning a fairly-well paying situation, and he decided to remain and take his chances.

Returning to his lodgings after an unusually trying round of labor, he found the daily letter postmarked "Louisville," lying upon the little stand by his bedside.

Pressing the well-known superscription to his lips, as was his wont, he hastily opened the envelope. The flush of pleasure died from his cheek, his lips whitened, as he read the cruel words that stabbed him to the heart:

"Dear Friend: I hardly know how to frame the lines which it has become my duty to write; but it is better for you that I tell you the truth. We must part. When I promised to become your wife, I believed I loved you; but I did not know my own heart. Absence has shown me that it was only a sisterly friendship I had mistaken for love, and that as your wife, I could never be happy.

"I know that you will release me from my engagement which has become so distasteful, when I confess that I love George Barton with all my heart.

"It is my intention to leave Louisville with him at once, so no reply will be necessary.

"With the wish that you will meet with one who will value your affection, I subscribe myself, yours sincerely,

"IMELDA KING."

Twice he read the epistle, his breath coming in gasps. There was a throbbing sensation in his temples; his blood chilled in his veins; a numbness crept over him, and he sank upon the couch, clutching the letter in his hand.

There came a tap at the door, but he made no reply. Again the rap sounded, then the door softly opened, and his landlady came to the bed. A momentary glance at his face, and he heard the frightened cry of "Yellow Jack! yellow Jack!"

The September sun was shining when he again awakened to consciousness within the hospital walls, whither they had conveyed him.

"He'll pull through,—a miracle, though! It's his splendid constitution. A less rugged man would have died long ago."

Lorion opened his eyes, looking around in a dazed sort of way, upon the whitewashed walls, the narrow cot, the little stand with its array of bottles, boxes and glasses, and finally at two persons nearby,—one, a dapper little man seated by the stand, busily engaged in mixing drops in a tumbler; and a second, a man in dressing gown and slippers, close by the bed.

"A teaspoonful once in two hours. We must prevent sinking spells. Be careful, Ryan, he isn't out of the swamp, yet. It depends upon your good nursing."

"My name's A. K. Ryan,—understand, Doctor? I've nursed a dozen patients through with Yellow Jack, and I won't let this one slip through my fingers," responded the nurse confidently. "I've had the fever, myself, you understand."

"Of course," smiled the doctor, "or you wouldn't be here. If you weren't an immune, you'd not be nurse in a yellow fever hospital."

Then the door opened and the little man vanished.

"Hello-o-o! Awake at last?"

The question was addressed to Lorion, as the nurse took his hand, and laid a finger on his pulse. "How are you feeling?"

"What's the matter? Have I been sick?" questioned Lorion in a weak voice.

"Reckon you have—had a run of yellow Jack, don't you know," replied Ryan.

"What place is this? And how long have I been here?" whispered Lorion.

"This is the hospital, to be sure; and you've been here three weeks and more. You've be'n a heap of trouble to yourself and every one else; but you're all right, now, I reckon," returned the nurse. "My name's A. K. Ryan,—understand? and I've had the yellow fever myself, and I ain't quite right up here,—understand?" pointing to his forehead. "You'll be all right in a few days. I kept the mackerel on the soles of your feet, and you're pretty near skinned with the mustard-pastes I've put on. Pretty tough medicine, I know, but a mighty good remedy! One thing! you're immune, now, same as me, and you can make a heap o' money taking care o' fever patients when you get about. Now, take your medicine and go to sleep. You'll be all right,—Doctor Crandall says so—and he knows."

Lorion strove to turn in his bed, but a soreness of the stomach—indeed, of the whole trunk, caused him to wince.

"That's the soreness after the mustard paste," explained the nurse. "I've kept you plastered—I had the same dose myself and know how it feels. I'll put on some more vaseline and you'll feel better. Lucky you had A. K. Ryan for a nurse,—you'll get out, now, in a few days."

Ryan applied a goodly share of vaseline, and presently the patient was sleeping quietly.

A week later Lorion was discharged from the hospital, a yellow fever immune.

"You must take good care of yourself, and thank your lucky stars that you had A. K. Ryan for your nurse. I advise you to go out nursing for yourself!" was Ryan's parting injunction when he shook hands with his ex-patient and bade him good-bye. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and you may make your everlasting fortune by it. Good luck to you!"

"Declar to goodness, it appears like you had come back from the dead! and mighty glad to see you back again!" greeted Mrs. Muller, when Lorion returned to his old lodgings.

"I'm glad to be out of that hospital, I assure you," returned Lorion, clasping cordially the hand the woman extended.

"Hope you're going to stay with us, said she.

"For a time," answered the young man, "I'm not strong, as yet, and need a few days to recuperate."

But with returning health, came the memory of his lost love, and his idleness became irksome. His only source of amusement was in the long bicycle trips in which he indulged nearly every evening, extending his trips to the suburbs.

One evening, as the heavy clouds settled low in the sky, he missed his way on one of the country roads which he had never traversed before, and at quite a distance from the city. Darker gathered the rain-clouds, completely veiling moon and stars, while occasional flashes of lightning smote the sable curtain with a sword of flame.

He halted and looked about him. A flash showed him a building a short distance ahead,—a country mansion framed in by extensive grounds.

"I'll have to pump up my wheel," he soliloquized, "and I will step in and inquire my way. Reckon I must be some miles distant from Memphis."

The gate was closed, but unlatching it, he took his way up to the wide porch and rang the bell.

The echoes rolled sharply through the house, and he waited for admittance; but there was no sound of footsteps, and again he rang a peremptory peal.

Presently, the striking of a clock broke the silence, and told that the house was inhabited.

"Eleven o'clock! It's later than I supposed," he pondered. "I'll make a tour of the place. Everybody must be in the rear, and it's going to rain cats and dogs. I reckon I'll have to put up here until after the storm is over."

Around to the rear of the mansion he went, but not a ray of light gleamed from any part of the house. The kitchen stood a few feet distant from the house, and as he stepped upon the broad porch, a gust of wind swept past, lifting the thick arms of a giant horse-chestnut that shadowed the little structure, and blowing open the door of the little summer kitchen.

A few scattering drops of rain fell, pattering like bullets upon the russet foliage.

"I reckon the place is deserted,—at least, it looks uncommonly like it," he muttered. "I'll get my bike and take up my quarters in the kitchen till the storm is over, then I'll pedal like the dickens for the city."

He had scarcely gained the shelter, when the click of steel-clad hoofs and the roll of wheels announced the approach of a vehicle. In a moment it turned into the drive and

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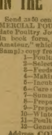

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halted in front of the rear door of the mansion.

### CHAPTER XVII.

### IN THE NEW MILL.

With a start of horror and surprise, Imelda turned and looked at her captor, a brawny policeman.

"So you thought to elude me when you got onto the fast express, Miss Callahan?" he exclaimed, as he dextrously snapped the handcuff to her wrist, and clasped the other about his own.

"What do you mean?" faltered the girl. "I am not Miss Callahan—I am Imelda King, of Louisville, Ky., and I came here in answer to a request from a mill owner, for whom I am to work."

"I guess that you are mistaken, too, officer," smiled a pleasant gentleman, who approached at that moment. "This lady is not the one we are looking after, though I must admit she does resemble the photo somewhat, and her clothing matches the description. Miss Callahan, alias Julia Buxton, is a light, blowsy female, with a fair share of good looks, but this young lady"—his voice became almost [illegible] a dainty little beauty.'

Mumbling an apology the officer released his captive [illegible] his timely interference.

"No thanks at all," he replied, lifting his hat politely, "I am only too glad to serve a lady in distress. Now, if you will tell me the name of the mill owner you desire to find, I'll be most happy to direct you.'

Referring to her letter, Imelda gave him the name, J. P. Ingraham.

A low whistle of astonishment escaped him. "So you are the new weaver pa engaged? Well, I am more than pleased, now to have rendered you this slight service. My name is Ingraham, also; the gentleman you mention is my father. I shall do myself the pleasure to escort you.'

"Not at all necessary," interrupted a cool voice at his side. "Your father sent the carriage and as he could not come himself he requested me to take his place. Is this Miss King?"

Imelda bowed her assent to the question, and in response to the lady's tacit invitation, she entered the carriage where sat Miss Ingraham, Gerald Ingraham's aunt—the spinster sister of the mill owner.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated the nephew disappointedly, as the carriage rolled away, leaving him standing alone. "Aunt Monaca has taken things into her hands in quick meter! I suppose she'll say that it's another one of my infatuations, but I don't care—I'm half in love with the little witch already!"

A swift drive of fifteen minutes and the carriage paused in front of a neat looking boarding house, ornamented by a sign bearing the single word "Board" at the side of the door.

"We have made all arrangements for your board and room," said Miss Ingraham in a kindly tone, quite at variance with the one in which she had addressed her nephew. "Tomorrow morning I'll have my maid call for you and show you to the mill office, where you will find my brother, your employer. I trust you will like the room, and be as contented as a girl may be, away from home."

A sigh, quickly suppressed, escaped Miss Ingraham, as she gazed pityingly on the fair young face, still bearing the traces of her grief, while the eyes plainly told the homesickness which had stolen over her heart. Perhaps Miss Ingraham was looking backward to her own girlhood, when a loving mother had died, leaving her alone a girl of sixteen, with one brother—at that time away at college—a father engrossed with business, which left no time for the affectionate caresses his child would fain have received. Whatever the cause, the feeling for the lonely young girl grew and grew within her soul until, obeying a sudden impulse, she leaned forward and pressed her lips softly to those of the new weaver, and said:

"If I can befriend you, call upon me at any time. Good-by."

After she had withdrawn from the room, Imelda threw herself upon the bed, and was soon fast asleep. Awakened by the gong which announced the breakfast hour, she sprang to her feet.

"Why, [illegible] I lain here all night without undressing? It is lucky for me that the weather is warm or I should have taken my death of cold. Ugh! I'm a little shivery, as it is!"

Quickly she arranged her toilet, exchanging the worsted dress she had traveled in for a coarse-weave, half-cotton skirt, and neat shirtwaist; took from her valise her pick-measurer, a pair of scissors, a black apron, a pair of dark calico half-sleeves, and rolled them up in a neat parcel, then descended to the breakfast room, guided by the clatter of knives and forks and dishes.

She glanced shyly about at the others who were seated around the table. Nothing especial to note, except that they were fair specimens of the average mill help men and women—their ages ranging from twenty to sixty years. They, in turn, eyed her curiously as with downcast lids, she forced herself to make out a scanty meal of oatmeal porridge, biscuit and butter.

"Have another biscuit and a piece of meat," volunteered a girl who sat beside her. "No?"—as Imelda shook her head and thanked her in a low tone. "You'll get to have a better appetite than that after you've worked in this mill awhile—won't she, folks?"

"Bet yer boots," grunted a man between huge bites, as he thrust his knife far into his mouth, then smacked his lips in appreciation of the delicacy—for he had secured the brownest piece of pork-strip on the plate and he enjoyed every speck of it.

True to the promise of Miss Ingraham, her maid appeared at 6 o'clock and acted as guide to the mill.

Standing before her loom, half an hour later, Imelda was more at her ease. There was little in the line of weaving but that she could do, and when the new pattern was laid before her, her eyes brightened with interest. Her skill would be demanded in this case, and her keen mind took in every detail of the new pattern. After a short period of study, she grasped the lever, and whir! whiz! the ponderous machine began to move. Clip-clap—clip-clap! back and forth flew the shuttle, and pick by pick the pattern began to develop.

A glow of pleasure pervaded her whole frame as she watched the intricate lines of the pattern appear, and unconsciously, she hummed a favorite air. Her loneliness and all her troubles were forgotten in the interest and delight at the beautiful work she was beginning to turn out. As the hours wore away, she alternately hummed and sang snatches of gay tunes, forgetful that she was singing aloud—but then, even if she remembered, there was no one to hear. She was in a room by herself (for the pattern was to be seen by no one save its weaver and the super), and the noise of the smooth-running machine partially drowned her voice, save at times when for a moment the loom was stilled.

"Oh, meet me when daylight is fading,
And is darkening into night,
When song-birds are singing their vespers,
And the day has [illegible] from sight,
'Tis then I will tell to my darling
All the love I have cherished so long,
If you will but meet me at evening,
When you hear the first whip-poor-will's song
Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

she [illegible] song with a series of [illegible] whistles that elicited hearty applause from the owner of the mill who had entered to see how the work was progressing.

"Well done, my young lady!" he exclaimed. "If you can weave as well as you can sing and whistle, my pattern will be a success. Let us have a peep at it!" and he advanced to the loom, examining with critical eye each pick and thread.

"Well, done perfectly!" he exclaimed. "Miss King, you're a jewel, and I'll raise your pay another dollar."

"Thank you, sir," replied Imelda, her face flushing with pleasure, for another dollar a week meant a good deal to her, as to every working person.

"Have you become settled in your boarding place?" inquired Mr. Ingraham. "And is the board to your satisfaction?"

"I have hardly had an opportunity to judge," replied Imelda, "but the young people at the house seem inclined to be kind and friendly, and I have no doubt that things will be all right, as far as I am concerned."

"You must have been weaving for some time," said Mr Ingraham. "No novice could turn out such work as you have turned out there. Of course, I know you are in a sense an 'old weaver,' but what I meant was that you must have been not only an experienced operative, but a most painstaking one."

"I certainly deem it my duty to perform all my [illegible] and I would feel but little satisfaction were I to receive payment for services either half-performed or performed in a slipshod way."

"Well, you have the right spirit, my girl," replied Mr. Ingraham. "I seldom have anything in the shape of a strike [illegible] because I try to deal fairly with my help; and if they find any real or fancied grievance, I talk with them as one of themselves and the little misunderstanding is soon straightened out. Of course, once in a while, I find an ingrate who wouldn't be pleased with anything in the shape of kind treatment—a man who only understands a word and a blow, with the blow to come first. Such men leave my employ just as soon as that disposition is discovered. I trust you and I will remain good friends as long as you are in my employ."

"I echo that sentiment," replied Imelda gravely, as the owner left the room.

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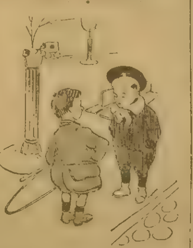

'What makes the rain fall?"

'Why, it has to. If it didn't fall, it would go up and put out the sun."

### Jealousy.

The beautiful girl's sweet smiles changed to dark frowns.

"You [illegible]" she hissed. "I hate you!"

The [illegible] dropped his cane in astonishment.

"Hate me!" he gasped. "Why, it was only yesterday you said you loved every hair on my head."

"Yes, but not every hair on your shoulder," she retorted as she held aloft a golden bit of evidence.

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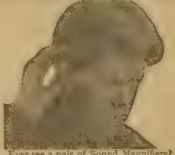

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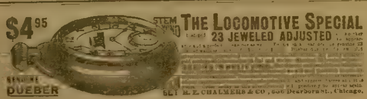
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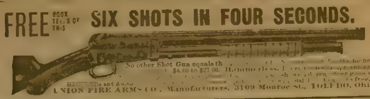
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### CHAPTER IV.

### THE BATTLE IN THE BARN.

"There was a runaway," said Mark Eldon, by way of explanation.

"Is Evelyn killed?"

Eustace stood chilled and white as any ghost. His cool haughtiness had entirely deserted him. He was weak and limp as a dishrag. Mark pitied rather than despised the weak-minded lad.

"Lead the way," commanded the stout-hearted Mark.

He lifted the girl and bore her toward the house. Eustace had just sense enough to guide his companion into the house and to a lounge on which Mark deposited the seemingly dead Evelyn.

Mrs. Loveland, an austere woman of forty-five, exhibited very little feeling. She did what she could, however, to revive her daughter, not even thinking to inquire how the accident had happened.

Mark waited till he saw the girl open her eyes. He went out, glad to know that pretty Evelyn was not likely to suffer any great inconvenience from her injuries. Major Loveland was not at home. Mark was glad of this. He did not care to renew acquaintance with the insolent manufacturer.

Eustace followed him out to the street. The pony had been driven away by the stableman. Mark remembered that his gun was in the phaeton. As he was about to visit the stables Eustace hailed him.

"Tell a fellow how it happened," he said rather meekly.

"That I can't tell exactly," returned the stronger boy. "I suppose the pony got scared at something——"

"Oh, then you didn't see the start of this [illegible]"

"No."

"Good enough."

Eustace Staples was himself again. He brushed a spot of dust from his sleeve where it had come in contact with Mark. The latter paused and frowned. This youth with the girl's face was becoming insufferable.

Temptation assailed Mark Eldon. He wanted to slap that sneering face. He smothered the impulse. It was unmanly to entertain it. He was puzzled to know what the fellow meant by his last exclamation.

"What do you mean by good enough?" Mark demanded before he thought.

"I mean that you aren't twice a hero. Once is enough of that sort of thing. Evelyn was [illegible] of the boy who saved her father's boom. It quite sickened me. I reckon Uncle Loveland paid you well."

"See here, you—you——"

"Spit it out if it chokes you, old chap," and Eustace laughed derisively.

Mark stood trembling. For an instant he was ready to spring at the throat of this mocker. The next he turned, crushed himself, and hurried away. He re[illegible]d the stables without looking back.

"[illegible]" said the stableman. "I saw none in the [illegible]"

Mark looked into the basket, under it and all about; his fowling piece was gone. Now this was to the moneyless Mark a great loss. He was sure the weapon had [illegible] phaeton. It was up to the hired man to tell what had become of it.

Mark turned to him and said:

"You must have seen the gun, sir. I left it in the rig, right there at one end of the seat. It was there when I went into the house."

"Mebbe you think I stole it, youngster."

There was a touch of anger in the voice of Sam, the stableman.

"I wish you would try and think what you did with it," urged Mark, who fully believed that the man had secreted the weapon for purposes of his own.

"Now see here, young feller, I'll make you smart if you fling that at me ag'in. I hain't seen your rotten old musket; what's more, you git right out of this stable or I'll fling you out, neck and heels! You hear me?"

The man advanced toward the fearless Mark, threatening him with a pitchfork.

"Put up your fork," said the boy, going white about the lips.

"Are you going to mind me? Git out I say, or I'll prod you with thi

The man poised his pitchfork and made threatening motions at the breast of the boy. Mark was not to be intimidated. He was being insulted by a hireling of the major. Glancing about for a weapon he saw a long-handled shovel in one corner. Springing backward the lad possessed himself of this.

"Come on now if you like!" cried Mark, making ready to defend himself.

The man advanced. The two stabl tools closed together. Sparks flew and second Gettysburg was on.

Neither combatant spoke again. Th man's face was one hideous scowl. Mar was white and determined. He would n be driven by a gun-thief.

Clash, clang rang the weapons of wa Mark dealt a swift blow which shatter two tines of the enemy's fork. The bo was winning his way. He pressed th stableman backward across the floor t he came up against the wall. Here he sto at bay, muttering imprecations, and stri ing in spiteful spurts at the invulnerab shovel of his boy antagonist.

"Hold on, you young panther!" yell Sam, throwing down his fork.

"Say enough and I'll quit," was Mar Eldon's rejoinder.

The boy's fighting blood was up and h would do credit to his ancestors.

"Enough!" yelled the stableman.

Mark lowered his shovel. This was the other's opportunity. He improved it by dashing forward. Mark was not wholly off his guard. He bent low and planted his head in the man's stomach. Sam doubled and dropped to the floor. He lay where he had fallen and Mark turned to depart.

"Hold on!" exclaimed a voice. Eustace Staples, who had been a witness to the battle, confronted the victor. Eustace's face was flushed, his eyes blazing. Mark started back with a mad cry.

Leveled at his head was his stolen shotgun.

"Make a move, and I'll fill you full of lead!" said Eustace, who felt brave because of the advantage the gun gave. "You have done enough about this place. Calling folks thieves, then trying to murder them isn't decent."

"So you are the thief!" ejaculated Mark. He shut his teeth hard. He believed the boy with the gun was none too good to shoot an unarmed foe.

"You just go out of here and never set your foot on my uncle's premises again. If you refuse I'll kill you."

There was viciousness in the voice, a wicked glow in the blue eyes of the speaker. Mark was not cowed, however. He made ready to spring upon Eustace. It was his intent to wrench the gun from his grasp. He was ready to take the risk, would have taken it in fact, had not another factor interfered.

A pair of strong arms went round the waist of Mark Eldon and he was drawn forcibly backward. The lad realized that he was in the hands of the stableman.

"Now we've got him, Eustace," chuckled Sam.

Eustace placed the shotgun against the wall and watched his uncle's henchman twist and crush Mark to the floor.

"Punch him good now you've got him," cried the young aristocrat gleefully. "He called us both thieves, and he's insulted me a dozen times."

Mark found himself powerless in the grasp of the muscular Sam. The man was not as cowardly as his boy companion, however. He did not follow his advice, but crushed Mark to the floor and held

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him fast while he began to rub his face with a wad of prickly straw.

"I'll teach you manners, young feller," he jeered.

"Why don't you cuff him?" asked Eustace. "Let me get a kick at his ugly face!"

The speaker actually advanced and lifted his foot to administer a kick in the prostrae lad's face. It was a coward's act. Eustace was more than a craven, he was malicious as well. He wanted revenge on the boy who had thrashed him once in a fair fight.

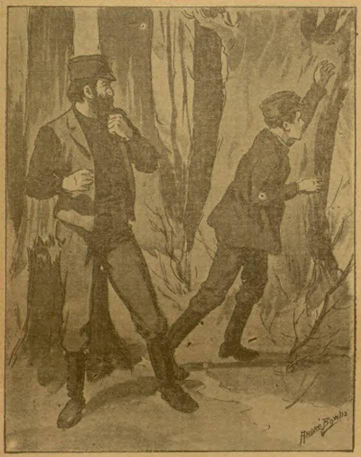
"Hey there, you young sneak!"

A hand grasped the shoulder of the malicious Eustace and jerked him backward against a post. "Now, see here, you coward. Don't you make another move like that or I'll lift you through the roof with the toe of my boot."

The newcomer then turned his attention to the two on the floor. He laid hold of Sam and pulled him off his prey. Thus freed Mark was quick to regain his feet. He took in the situation at a glance. It was Dave Quilling who had come to the rescue. Dave was as muscular as a young bear. He was older and stouter than Mark. Few men would care to try titles with the boy hunchback.

The stableman, though very angry, was discreet. He saw two stalwart youngsters facing him instead of one. The battle was over for the time. Eustace realized this even sooner than the stable-worker. He naturally retired from the field.

"Your friend has left you, Sam," said Quilling. "I reckon you may as well throw up the sponge." The youth laughed. He had not lost his temper. Usually every event has its humorous side. "It was a great battle. I proved your Blucher, however, and you may as well make the best of your Waterloo."



"The woods are on fire."

"That little cur smashed a fork for the boss. If he will pay for that I'll say no more about it," said Sam.

"How is it Mark?" Quilling turned to his boy chum.

The latter explained. Dave laughed as though pleased.

"Quite a row over nothing," he remarked. "You seem to have got your gun again, Mark, so you'd better call it a draw and come away. Lucky I came along as I did. Was after you, Markus. Came over here as I had been told that you was seen riding this way with Miss Loveland."

There was a quizzical glimmer in the eyes of the speaker.

"He'll have to pay for that fork all the same, or there'll be more to this," said Sam doggedly.

"How much is it?" Dave drew out his pocketbook.

"Don't you do that," warned Mark hotly.

Dave smilingly paid however, and the two boys then quitted the stable. Mark carried his gun. He was dissatisfied, however. He meant to lecture his friend for paying for the broken fork.

Before he could do this voices were heard. Soon a tall gentleman was seen approaching—Major Loveland, accompanied by his nephew, who was talking very rapidly and very earnestly.

## CHAPTER V.

## DRENK ARK.

Major Loveland was looking stern and angry as he approached.

"My nephew informs me that you, Mark Eldon, have been assaulting Sam and have broken a fork over his head. I am astonished——"

"You oughtn't to be," retorted Mark, who had not recovered his usual meekness of spirit. "I know I shouldn't be at anything that monkey says."

The frown deepened on the face of the manufacturer.

"My boy, this is a serious affair," interposed Major Loveland. "I will not allow young hoodlums to interfere with my man; he has duties to perform that——"

"Look-a-here," broke in Dave Quilling, his bluff face quite red with indignation. "You've got gall, old man. Mark here was only defending himself. That Sam of yours deserved a good thrashing. As for your girlie-girlie nephew, he is no more than a common thief. If you wish to stir up this smell in court or anywhere else I'm with you right through."

The Major stared. Eustace fidgeted and seemed borne down with astonishment. That any one should thus dare address his stately old uncle was more than astounding. Quilling's hunch went up a peg, and a dangerous glitter filled his eyes as he gazed at the shrinking Eustace.

"That will do, sir," said the Major stiffly.

"That depends," retorted the hunchback. "You'd can't ride roughshod over Mark and me. Even boys have some rights, sir. If you were willing to listen I'd tell you a few facts."

"Certainly I will listen."

Mark had walked on in advance. He halted when his friend said this. The orphan lad had resolved to cut all acquaintance with the Lovelands. He would have passed proudly on, without offering the least explanation. He was in fact not pleased to have his friend offer to explain. However, since Dave had offered to do so he would not desert him.

Major Loveland listened very gravely to the narrative of facts given by the outspoken Quilling.

"Mark can tell you all about his saving Miss Evelyn from death; he was too modest to mention it to me," said the hunchback in conclusion.

The Major turned to his nephew, who was shrinking under the accusation brought against him by Dave. The latter had seen the gun in the hands of Eustace and believed as did Mark that he was the thief.

Major Loveland turned upon his nephew with frowning brow.

"What have you to say, Eustace Staples?" demanded the gentleman in a tone of severity.

"He's lying, that's all," sputtered the boy, shrinking under his tall uncle's coat-tails. Quilling transfixed him with a piercing look. The natty Mr. Staples trembled in alarm.

"That doesn't answer his charges, my lad," said the Major sternly. "If you took this boy's shotgun, own up and I'll forgive you this time, and teach you better hereafter."

"I didn't take the old gun," whimpered Eustace. "I saw it leaning up against the wall and just picked it up——"

"That is sufficient," broke in the Major. He grasped his nephew by the collar, and led him away, never once addressing himself again to Dave and Mark.

The two friends then hurried from the vicinity. They naturally discussed the late happenings. You may be sure that Master Eustace suffered. Mark was not called again to the house on the bluff. The Towers were closed to him thereafter. Mark did not care to meet again either Eustace or his uncle.

On the following day he found himself on the cars speeding toward the north woods in company with his friend Dave Quilling. Dave had told Mark to leave his gun at home since he would have no use for the weapon on the "Big Drive." This was quite true. There would be no time for

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hunting while roughing it among the log-runners.

Mark's first sight of the logs and the men, the great ark and the dugouts, impressed him with the immensity of the work. The men, a hundred stalwart red-shirted fellows, with pick and peevy, working at various points along shore, seemed like an army of parti-colored ants rushing work in preparation for the coming winter.

Mark and his friend had walked in from the station. They caught their first view of the river workers from the brow of a high bluff. The two boys stood watching the busy men, listening to the click and tunk of the sharp pikes of the peevys when their owners thrust them into the logs, prying and pushing to aid them to move on down the stream.

The ark was moored above the foot of the bluff against the low bank. This was an immense float, cabined over for living rooms and cooking department. Several long dugouts were moored beside the ark. Here and there white pine logs glistened in the sun as they rolled free from the clinging mud and went floating down the turbid stream. Some of the cylinders of pine had been bruised and battered in their contact with their fellows, till the white pine, denuded of its covering of bark, glistened in the sunrays like glaring ice.

"Well," said Dave, watching his friend's face with a smile, "what do you think of it?"

"It's great," said Mark.

"Wait till you are a part of the picture."

Dave had been a part of the Big Drive many times. His father, a cook of exceptional expertness, had liked to have his son with him. This year he had kept his son at school. Now that vacation had come the boy was glad to get back to his old place as ark chore-boy.

Dave had written his father asking if he might fetch a friend, and the cook in reply said that the boss needed a messenger boy which place was open to whoever Dave might fetch with him. Thus it was that Dave ventured to enlist Mark in the cause.

The two boys descended the bluff, and following a path along the lower ground, soon arrived at the ark.

They found Mr. Quilling up to his eyes in work. He was pleased to see the boys, and set them at work immediately, Dave to building fires and Mark to carrying wood from a heap on shore, into the low-walled kitchen.

In the course of an hour Mr. Quilling handed his son a long, curved oxhorn.

"Go up on the bank and sound the supper call, Davie," said he.

Mark was up here when his chum came up with the queer dinner horn.

"Want to try it, Mark?"

The hunchback proffered his horn. Mark accepted it at once. He raised it and blew a fearful blast—that is, he essayed to do so. The horn was as mute as inglorious Milton. A queer roaring sound was all the noise that came.

Dave leaned against a tree and laughed. Mark tried again and again. No better success. He returned the horn, saying:

"It's beyond me, Dave."

"Pooh! It's easy."

Dave raised the horn and blew a blast that made the old woods ring, and sent echoes far up and down the forest-clad banks of the river. Three times the boy blew the horn.

"Well, now," said Mark, "that seems easy enough. Let me try again."

"Try as many times as you like. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," and Dave laughed.

Mark tried as often as his friend suggested yet without much progress in the right direction.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "Take your old horn. It was never made for a sensible boy to blow."

Men soon came flocking toward the ark. A motley crowd. English, Irish and Dutch. There were also Scandinavians, Germans and little wiry Frenchmen, as well as a fair sprinkling of halfbreeds and Indians. Mark was curious. He was interested in studying character. Here was the chance of a lifetime.

The most interesting man in the crowd, and the oldest, attracted him most. This was a man of slender physique, with a thin, bearded face, dark rather glassy eyes, and hair that hung almost to his shoulders. He had a queer manner. He often gazed furtively about as if expecting some one who never came.

"That fellow is queer," said Dave. "He came to the drive last year and has become a fixture during the summer and fall months. He isn't much of a worker. He often wanders away and is gone for days. He gets only his board and a few dollars at the windup. Boss Devlin has discharged him many times, but, like a bad penny, he always returns. The boys set out to guy him when he first struck the drive. He nearly killed one man. Since then they use old Ark decently. He's harmless if left alone."

"What's his name?" asked Mark.

"Ark—Drenk Ark."

"Such a name!" exclaimed Mark laughing.

"It's the one he himself gave, and I guess it fits him all right."

"It certainly does."

That night in the men's room of the ark there were card-playing and song-singing, much to the delectation of the new hands. Dave knew many of the men, and introduced his friend. When Drenk Ark came up to Mark he eyed him suspiciously. He held the new boy's hand and looked him over closely.

"Nice boy, and you look mighty nat'ral," grunted the man. "Your name is——"

"Mark Eldon," said our boy hero.

"Yes, yes, Eldon. Good name. Knew a feller once who wore it; a man of integrity too; was killed in the war."

"Was his name Boyd Eldon?" asked Mark, glowing with feeling.

"Yes, Boyd. He was as fine a chap as one would see in a week's run of the country. He was killed. Poor fellow! I have never seen his equal since."

In next week's issue of this paper the reader will be given another installment of this exciting story. The management has in stock some of the best stories for boys ever written. These will appear in these pages during the coming months. If you desire the Ledger regularly please note our advertisement of free King Cameras and free patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen and subscribe at once. e

## The Scoop at Pocatello.

(Continued from page seven.)

"Mollie," said Mac gently, "how long have we known each other?"

"About two weeks," she replied, keeping her glance averted.

"You don't know much about me, Mollie, not so much as I wish you did. I am climbing toward thirty, my disposition is usually pretty good, the Commonwealth is doing well by me and will do better, and I might say that my prospects are very fair.

"The old, old story is something with which, up to the last two weeks, I have been totally unfamiliar. Whenever I have read a novel, the vicissitudes of courtship have extended over a weary period of weeks, in some cases years. It seems nonsense to me that it should take a man and a woman that length of time to discover that they care for each other.

"I'm the most unconventional fellow you ever saw. When I tell you, here and now, that I love you, and that in spite of our limited acquaintance my love is of the enduring kind, I want you to understand that I am speaking straight from my heart.

"I am fully aware of all that this day means to you. Lying here in this bed I have spent my rational moments thinking about it and worrying for fear you would think of me in a mercenary light. And then it occurred to me that we can be just as practical in affairs of the heart as in those of business.

"Now, I'm going to be practical. You must not let Caspar Denning's money go to the Bradfords. It is your duty to prevent that. If you reciprocate the feeling I have for you, between us we can save the $50,000. But I will be a party to the contract only on one consideration."

Mollie had kept her face turned away, and for several moments her lips had been twitching and something akin to enjoyment had been slowly rising in her eyes.

"What is that consideration, Mr. McQuaid?" she asked, turning toward him.

"This, that if we agree to unite our energies in the attempt to save the money, the entire amount is to be handed over to your mother for her exclusive use and benefit. What the Commonwealth pays me must suffice for us.

"I long ago resolved that if I ever married, it should not be a woman with money. I have seen several mistakes of that kind and the result has invariably been harrowing."

There was no trace of humor in Mollie's face, now.

"You are willing to make a sacrifice, help me save Uncle Caspar's money and then waive all rights to any benefit that might accrue to us jointly through the possession of it?" She put the question quietly, dispassionately, watching him narrowly the while.

"Sacrifice!" he exclaimed. "Who said anything about sacrifice? I am selfish enough to want you, and I want you more without the money than I do with it. What do you say, Mollie?"

What she said escaped Mr. Martin Ferguson, who happened to be standing in the open door. But when Mr. Martin Ferguson saw Mollie go down on her knees beside the bed, and twine her arms about the reporter's neck, it was not necessary for him to hear

# WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

## The Dignity and Sacredness of Motherhood.

Think of the greatest man who has ever lived upon this earth, and then think of him as he lay, an infant, in his mother's arms. Does it seem possible that he should have grown, become great in the world's estimate and perhaps had monuments erected to perpetuate his memory, and yet that the world should have forgotten even the name of the woman who bore him? The son's work is the mother's *primarily* and, therefore, the recognition of the dignity and tender sacredness of motherhood should no longer be delayed. It is high time that this country's greatest treasures—THE WOMEN WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO MAKE IT WHAT IT IS—should be recognized.

Why should not these good mothers be given the right to vote and have a voice in our government—a right that is accorded to some of the most ignorant, most insignificant and vilest of men?

It has been well said that "for every monument to a great man there should be a monument to his mother and the mother's monument should be built first."

But it is not so much the purpose of this brief article to advocate the just rights and privileges due to the women of this country, although it has afforded the writer great pleasure to pen the foregoing brief tribute to their worth and just deserts, as it is to call attention to the fact that when broken down in health and strength by over-work, the too frequent bearing of children, the never ending toil, worry and care of the household, or by whatever may overtax the strength and delicacy of her sensitive system, there is *one*, tried and proven, *safe* remedy upon which she may rely to regain health, strength and the power to fully enjoy life.

That remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy made wholly from the roots of native forest plants which have been proven to be most *efficacious*, *reliable* and *safe* in the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, periodical pains, irregularities, wasting and weakening catarrhal, pelvic drains and kindred ailments. It is a remedy, the makers of which print its formula on every bottle-wrapper *and attest its completeness and correctness under oath;* a remedy devised and adapted to woman's delicate constitution by an educated physician—an experienced specialist in woman's diseases; a remedy, every ingredient of which has received the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar diseases; a remedy which has more *bona-fide* cures to its credit than any other sold by druggists for woman's special requirements and the only one which contains no alcohol in its make up

Delicate, weak, nervous women should especially shun the use of alcoholic medicines which, from their stimulating and exhilerating effects may seem, for a time, to do good, but which, from the inevitable effects of the alcohol in shrinking up the red corpuscles of the blood, are sure to do great and lasting harm in the long run. Besides they beget a craving for stimulants which is most deplorable. "Favorite Prescription" is *the one* remedy for woman's ills which contains no alcohol.

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If a woman has bearing down, or dragging pains, low down in the abdomen, or pelvis, backache, frequent headaches, dizzy or fainting spells, is nervous and easily startled, has gnawing feeling in stomach, sees imaginary floating specks, or spots before her eyes, has melancholia, or "blues," or a weakening disagreeable, catarrhal drain from pelvic organs, she can make no mistake by resorting to the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will invigorate and tone up the whole system and especially the pelvic organs.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. Being made of native American medicinal roots, and without alcohol, it is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription" imparts lasting strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womanly organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

No woman suffering from any of the above symptoms can afford to accept any secret nostrum or medicine *of unknown composition*, as a substitute for a medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is OF KNOWN COMPOSITION and has a record of over forty years of cures and sells more largely to-day than ever before. Its makers withhold no secrets from their patients, believing open publicity to be the very best guaranty of merit.

Dr. Pierce invites all suffering women to consult him by letter *free of charge.* All letters of consultation are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential and all answers are returned in plain, sealed envelopes. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

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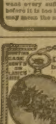

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hat Mollie said in order to know what it was.

He gave a faint cheer as he sped away to reveal the momentous news to Mrs. Denning, Doctor Sanders and Mrs. Sanders. This duty, properly falling to the two persons mainly concerned, he generously took upon himself.

Half an hour later, Mollie and Mac saw Larry O'Kay riding from the house like the ind. Not once did he look back, but ipped and spurred his wild course into regions southward.

I am sorry for Larry," murmured Mollie, h a sigh.

"So am I," answered Mac, "but that's the way with these things. Somebody's got to be disappointed."

* * * * * * * * *

The wedding occurred that afternoon. Doctor Sanders performed the ceremony, and Martin Ferguson and Mrs. Sanders were witnesses.

It was a month before Mr. and Mrs. McQuaid were able to leave for Denver—Mac was two weeks recovering his strength and two weeks more were required in effecting a settlement under the provisions of Caspar Denning's will.

Mrs. Denning accompanied the happy couple to their new home, and abided with them. Mac had a farewell dinner at the Club, and after that a cover was laid for him and his chair draped in sables until the remaining members had accustomed themselves to getting along without him.

That those who "marry in haste" will "repent at leisure" may be true in many cases, but it was far from being true in this little romance of Mac's and Mollie's. The passing years caused them to heap increasing blessings upon that "scoop" at Pocatello, which had brought them close and finally united their lives.

Failing to secure the funds necessary for a legal fight, the Bradfords disappeared from the country. They were more fortunate than Meigs, and others of the rustlers.

Cases of theft were proven against them and they were made to bear the just punishment of their crimes.

The end.

## Accepted With Thanks.

"That country bard submitted a poem called 'TheWatermelon,'" said the snake editor as he filled his pipe with sun-dried tobacco. "You bet we accepted it in a jiffy."

"But I thought this paper didn't accept poetry?" ventured the caller.

The snake editor grinned.

"Well, it don't as a rule, but you see the poet brought around his nice juicy inspiration."

## He Will, Indeed.

Miss Tabasco—Why, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Gussie Gunn—I guess not. The last man on earth will have too many other troubles without thinking about getting married.

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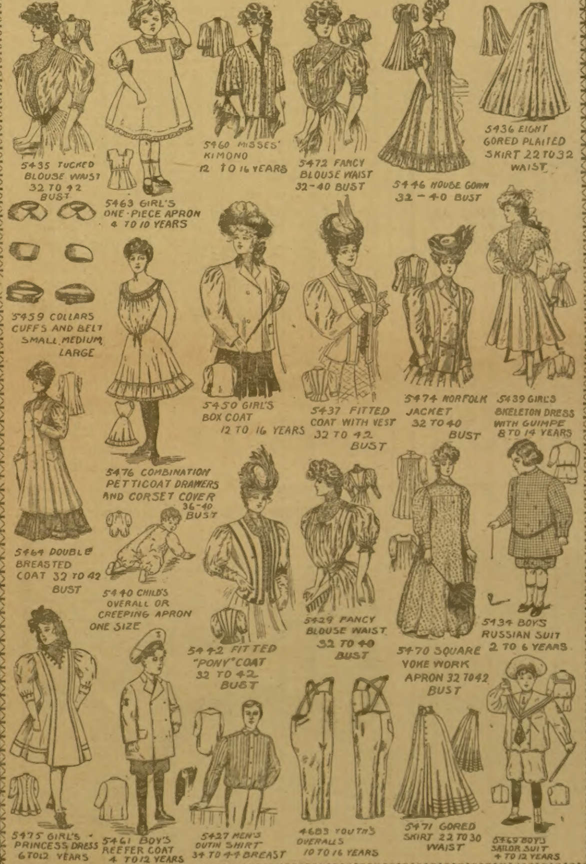
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FOR

# YOUTHFUL EYES

### Inquisitive Peter.

"But, dear me, if he hadn't been so inquisitive it never would have happened."

Grandmother was looking sadly straight at her knitting, and talking to no one at all; but Betty knew there was a story.

"Who was 'he,' grandmother? And what's 'in-quis-tive?' "

"Why, bless me! Is there a little girl in the room?" Grandmother looked very much surprised.

"Yes'm," said Betty meekly.

"Well, then, since you've heard so much I might as well tell you the rest. But Peter would rather nobody told. He felt very much ashamed."

"Peter who, grandmother? Please hurry."

"Peter Bear. He lived in a cave with his father and mother, and they would have been very happy if little Peter hadn't wanted to know everything that happened. When Father Bear went out in the morning, Peter wanted to go, too, and see where he went.

"When Mother Bear wanted to see Father Bear a few minutes, Peter would come and stand up and listen, to try to find out what it was all about."

Betty began to look suspicious.

"Every day Peter went all over the cave looking into bureau drawers—"

"Bureau drawers!" Betty's eyes came wide open.

"Holes in the wall," said grandmother calmly.

"And sniffing in the storeroom to see what there was for dinner, and getting dreadfully in Mother Bear's way.

"So one day Mother Bear made a plan. Peter was sniffing and snuffing as usual, when Father Bear jumped up and rushed out of the cave as fast as he could, as if he had an important engagement. Out rushed Peter after him as fast as his little legs would trot, to find out where Father Bear was going; and he never stopped until he found himself all alone in the great woods; for Father Bear had run out of sight.

"Then how Peter cried! He called and called, but no Father Bear and no Mother Bear answered him. He was lost and alone in the great dark woods. Oh, dear, if he had only stayed with mother! At last when he was a very tired and very sorry little bear, Father Bear came strolling back. He had been waiting for Peter to be sorry.

All the way home Master Peter Bear sniffed and snuffled, and when they reached the cave he went and lay down by Mother Bear, and rested his tired little head against her and cried himself to sleep. And after that he was a very good little bear."

"What's in-quis-tive?" said Betty.

"Can't you guess?" said grandmother.

### Tributes to Animals.

The Japanese held in Yokohama a public funeral for the horses killed in the Russo-Japanese War. As tributes to these animals the soldiers told of many instances of their sagacity, courage, endurance and fidelity, and those who were present say that it was a most impressive occasion. In Rome each year there is the "Annual Blessing of Animals," at which tribute is paid to the faithfulness of dumb creatures, and one of the most noted instances of appreciation of an animal was the funeral of the St. Bernard dog that had saved thirty-four lives from the perils of the Alpine snows.

### A Familiar Figure.

The little ones were being taught to read by the word method and had learned to recognize the word "cat" wherever it appeared. The next lesson was the expression "a cat," and the teacher, not knowing but that Junior had learned some of the letters at home pointed to the word "a" and asked him what it was. After studying it closely for a moment or two, with many a twist and wriggle, he suddenly announced:

"Miss Jay, it's a piece of a cat!"

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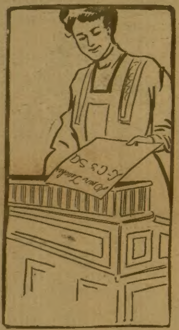
THE CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY DEPT. 26, 345-347 S. Canal St., CHICAGO, ILL.

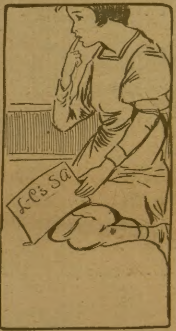
## L-C'S S-A.

Little L-C had 2 write
An S-A on a B,
A most P-Q-liar subject,
And she hadn't 1 I-D.

At last she took her pencil
And wrote, "I think the B
If U should make him angry,
Is an awful N-M-E.



'Twas not a very E-Z task,
As any 1 may C,
And M-T was her paper
When 'twas almost time 4 T.



"Dear teacher, please X-Q's me,
I've nothing more 2 say;
But I'll write a lovely S-A
On a K-T-did some day."

### A Flag of Truce.

In the great war between the North and the South, while the Union soldiers were in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, there was one evening a cry of "Halt! who goes there?" which made the guards all spring up with rifles in hand. A minute later two soldiers came into the light of the camp-fire with a little girl about 10 years of age between them, and she was holding a white kitten.

The colonel and all his regiment gathered around the child, who said that she had come to bring a present to the colonel, because her father was a Union man, and her brother had been a Union soldier. It was all she had to give, for her mother was dead, and her brother was killed in battle, and her father was sick and poor; but she could give her pet kitten, and she thought the colonel would like it.

The colonel took the little girl and the kitten in his arms and kissed them both, and said he would be delighted to have the kitten, and he thanked her and adopted it. It was called "the army kitten" while the war lasted, and then the colonel took it to his home. As for the little girl, she was loaded with "change" from the generous soldiers, and a guard of them took her back to her father. You know a flag of truce is a little white flag that army officers send into the camp of the enemy if they wish to send a message. It means peace. So the little white kitten was a sign of peace among the warriors, and peace between the armies soon came.

### Blind Artist—A Game.

Hang a blackboard at one end of the room. Take each guest in turn, stand him in front of the board, blindfold him, give him a piece of chalk and ask him to draw a picture of a pig or cow or horse.

The other guests should note down on pieces of paper their opinion of each pig as it is drawn, and when all have done their stunt, then let them vote which did the best. Give a prize for the best and consolation for the worst.

### Cork Will Sink.

Cork, though the most buoyant substance, will not rise again if sunk 200 feet below the water's surface.

### No Rhymes.

About 5,000 words in the English language have no rhyme to them. These include gulf, month and echo.

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